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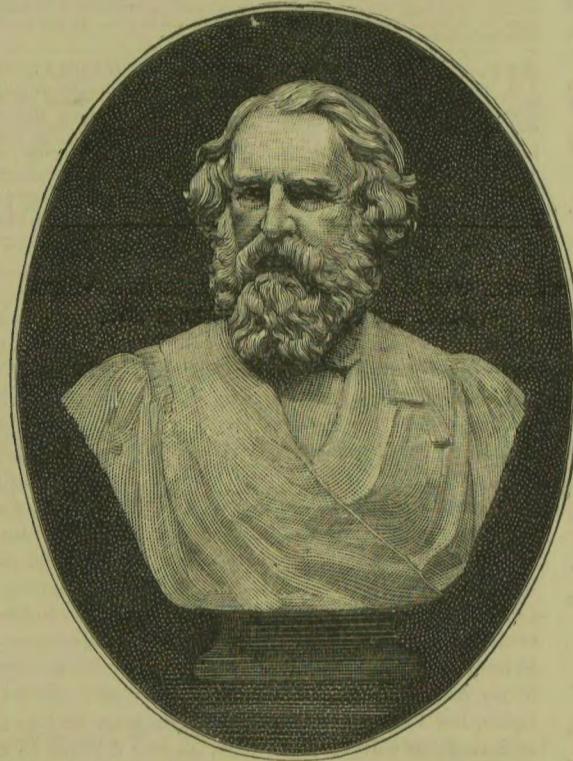
No. 2342.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884.

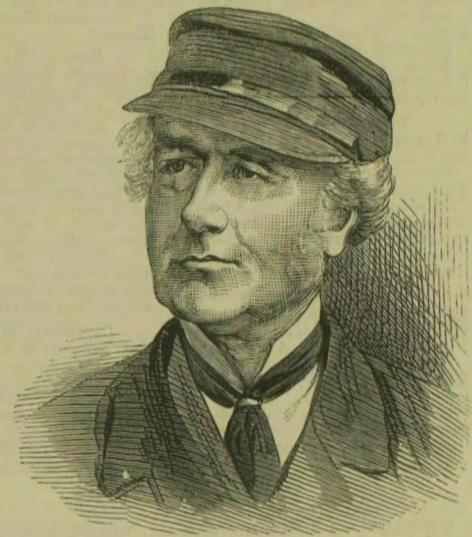
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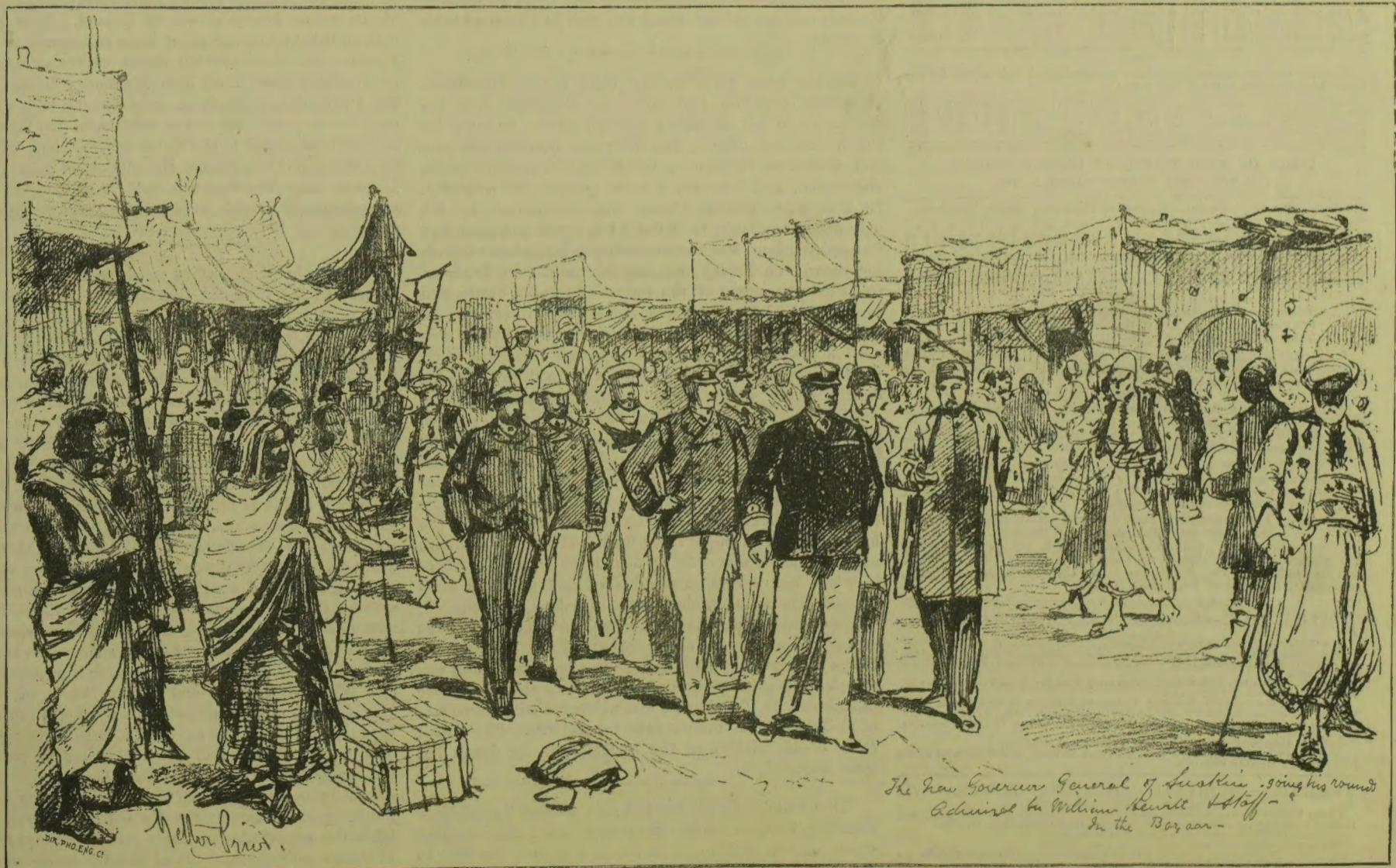
THE LATE DR. JOHN HULLAH.



BUST OF THE POET LONGFELLOW,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. T. MILNER GIBSON.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT GOING HIS ROUNDS AT SOUAKIM.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BIRTH.

On the 3rd inst., at The Vicarage, Kensington, Lady Mary Glyn, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 26th ult., at St. Mary's, N.W., Alfred W. Bosanquet, of Mackay, Queensland, to Emmeline Grace Peede, eldest daughter of Frederic Peede, Esq., of Valparaiso, Chile.

DEATH.

On the 3rd inst., at his residence, 43, Grosvenor-square, W., the Earl of Sandwich, in his 73rd year.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 15.

SUNDAY, MARCH 9.

Second Sunday in Lent. Morning Lessons: Gen. xxvii. 1-41; Mark ix. 2-30. Evening Lessons: Gen. xxviii. or xxix. 1-32; I. Cor. i. 26 and ii. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Prebendary Rogers; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Gregory; 7 p.m., Rev. J. E. Weldon. Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Canon Prothero; 3 p.m., Rev. Dr. Forrest; 7 p.m., Rev. J. M. Wilson. St. James's, noon, the Bishop of Carlisle. Whitehall, 11 a.m., the Dean of Wells, Dr. Plumtre; 3 p.m., the Bishop of Algoma, Dr. Sullivan, Savoy, 11.30 a.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 10.

Alexander III., Czar of Russia, born 1845. Louis II., King of Bavaria, accession, 1864. Prince and Princess of Wales married, 1863. London Institution, 5 p.m., Mr. Frederic Harrison on London as a Historical City. Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m. Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 11.

Full moon, 7.40 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Gamgee on Animal Heat. Horticultural Society, 11 a.m. Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m. Colonial Institute, 8 p.m., St. James's Banqueting Hall, Mr. S. Dicken on the Mineral Wealth of Queensland.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12.

Literary Fund, anniversary, 3 p.m. Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m., Mr. A. J. Gale on American Construction. Microscopical Society, 8 p.m. Graphic Society, 8 p.m. Ballad Concert, St. James's Hall, 8. Society of Arts, 8 p.m., General Randall on Water Regulation.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF		THERMOM.	WIND.		Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.				
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.		Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.
24	Inches. °	°	°	0-10	°	°	WSW. WNW.	296	0'005	0'005
25	29.688	42° 9'	35° 7'	78	5	47° 3	88° 9'	184	0'000	0'000
26	29.867	42° 1'	34° 3'	76	6	48° 1	34° 7'	57	0'005	0'005
27	29.925	39° 9'	33° 5'	80	4	47° 2	35° 2'	WNN. N.	0'000	0'000
28	29.966	38° 3'	32° 4'	81	9	44° 8	30° 4'	N. ENE. ESE.	218	0'000
29	29.907	35° 1'	28° 1'	78	9	40° 0	31° 8'	ESE. E.	301	0'000
29	29.921	35° 8'	27° 1'	73	5	40° 8	31° 7'	NE. E.	134	0'000
Mar. 1	29.997	35° 0'	25° 9'	72	3	39° 9	27° 8'	NE.	97	0'000

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29.746 29.889 29.917 29.986 29.944 29.918 30.014 Temperature of Air .. 45° 8° 43° 5° 41° 5° 36° 6° 38° 2° 37° 1° 34° 9° Temperature of Evaporation .. 41° 7° 40° 2° 39° 5° 35° 8° 34° 2° 33° 7° 31° 3° Direction of Wind .. WNW. WNW. WNW. NW. NW. NW. NW. NW. NW. NW. NW. NW.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 15, 1884.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
M	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
h 0 29	m 0 56	h 1 19	m 1 42	h 2 2	m 2 20	h 2 40
m 0	56	1	19	1	42	2

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SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS (Professional).—The EXHIBITION will OPEN MONDAY, MARCH 10. Gallery, 53, Great Marlborough-street. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS, Piccadilly.—FIRST EXHIBITION WILL CLOSE SATURDAY, MARCH 15. Open from Ten a.m. till Five p.m. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS, including Mr. Fortuny's Picture, "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

A NNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORN TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—A MOSS ROSE RENT, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; after which Mr. Corney Grain's New Edition of an old Musical Sketch entitled SPRING'S DELIGHTS. Concluding with a DOUBLE EVENT, by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney Grain. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission, 2s. and 1s.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884.

For some weeks past the Soudan, a region hardly known to the majority of Englishmen a few months ago, has had a peculiar fascination. The sad fate of Hicks Pasha's army, the mystery surrounding the Mahdi, the successive disasters of Egyptian troops led by British officers near Souakim, the imperative demand of her Majesty's Ministers that the Khedive should abandon his gigantic dependency, the deplorable surrender of Sinkat, and the romantic mission of General Gordon to Khartoum, have riveted attention on a territory hitherto celebrated only for its boundless deserts, wild tribes, and the slave-gangs from Central Africa that traversed its arid wastes. Subsequent events have given a new and marvellous development to this Oriental story. The complete overthrow of the Egyptian levies whom Baker Pasha, acting under orders from Cairo, led to the relief of Tokar, put an end to the inaction of our Government, who, having decided to defend the Red Sea coast, felt bound to rescue that garrison. While a force of British troops was being collected with remarkable promptitude, first at Souakim and then at Trinkitat, we learnt that Tokar had been surrendered to the victorious Osman Digna, with the willing assent of the garrison. The irony of the situation was now complete, and technically the military enterprise of General Graham and his gallant army was nullified by the course of events.

But the great slave-trading chief having threatened to attack Souakim and drive its defenders into the sea, he could not be safely allowed leisure to carry his threats into execution. The difference between offensive and defensive warfare is, under certain circumstances, obliterated, and becomes a mere question of casuistry. In this case, Osman Digna was summoned, by the only means available, to disband his forces and submit to General Gordon. The warning being unheeded, the British forces early on Friday morning advanced from Trinkitat to El Teb, the scene of the recent disastrous battle, and found the Arab host gathered behind their intrenchments of sand prepared to sustain the onset of their civilised foes with a few Krupp guns, clumsily-used rifles, and their traditional spears. The way they withstood for hours the deadly shock while being mowed down by British artillery; their grim courage and ferocity, which failed not even when the position was turned and they were taken in the rear; and their dauntless stand against the squadrons of cavalry that rode into and over them has been told with singular completeness of details by special correspondents, who shared the perils of the battle-field. The fate of these wild Arabs—2000 of whom, when resistance was over, lay dead around the wells where they had been concentrated—has excited universal compassion. The considerable list of British dead and wounded, officers as well as men, is striking evidence of their prowess as well as the gallantry of our soldiers. Except that Osman Digna and many of his followers escaped, the victory was complete. Next day General Graham was able to advance unmolested to Tokar, and was welcomed with transports of delight by its unfortunate inhabitants. The moral effect of his victory on the Bedouins of the desert has been profound.

The battle of El Teb has not only secured the safety of Souakim, but has broken the power of the slave-trading chiefs of the Soudan, if it has not opened the road to Berber. It has also immensely strengthened the hands of General Gordon, whose wonderful sagacity, so often questioned at home for factious purposes, has been singularly vindicated. One day we hear that the

General's steam-expedition up the Nile has made little impression on the wild tribes on its banks; the next day that Colonel Stewart has vanquished their hostility. Some weeks ago, in his capacity as Governor-General of the Soudan, the General sent an embassy to El Obeid to announce that the Mahdi was appointed Sultan of Kordofan. We now hear that that mysterious personage has received the message with ecstacies of delight, agreed to General Gordon's terms, and ordered his followers to remain at peace. The news from El Obeid has dispelled a gigantic illusion. The Eastern Potentate, who has been expected to swoop down upon Egypt with 200,000 fanatical followers, whose name and supposed puissance have created a panic in the palaces of the Bosphorus, and who has been regarded as a Moslem Prophet destined to subdue the Eastern world, turns out to be a chief who stands in fear of the townspeople and of the tribes around, who is unable to govern the petty town of El Obeid, and can only maintain his authority by establishing a reign of terror. His submission implies the submission of all the intervening tribes who have espoused his cause, and suggests the wisdom, if not the necessity, of installing General Gordon as the permanent Governor-General of the Soudan.

The pacification of the Soudan—for there is good reason to hope that the supremacy of Osman Digna in the coast

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Archibald Campbell, whom I remember having seen once standing up "bold as brass" and clad in the garb of old Gaul in the hall of Stafford House, where, by the lurid light of torches, and in the presence of a great gathering of Highlanders and numerous pipers (to say nothing of a few awe-stricken representatives of the Sassenach lurking behind remote columns), he kissed his dirk and swore to defend the threatened tartan of the Highland regiments, has just published a pamphlet (MacLure and Macdonald) with the title, "The Highland Regimental Feather Bonnet: its Utility and Inexpensiveness," in which he makes out a very strong case indeed for the retention of the head-dress so closely associated with the glorious traditions of our Highland regiments.

Lord Archibald frankly starts his argument with the premiss that one of the reasons for retaining the feather bonnet is a sentimental one; but, he adds, "Even in the nineteenth century a sentiment may be worth ten thousand men; and our Highland regiments and the people of Scotland believe that the feather bonnet has been made both national and historical within the last hundred years by the deeds of those who have fought and conquered, wearing it." His Lordship points out very cogently that a feather bonnet of some kind is not nearly so modern a device as Army "dress reformers" would have the public believe, and that he himself has recently caused to be engraved a portrait of one of the Earls of Murray, painted by Jamesone, who flourished in the reign of Charles I., and is known as the Scottish Vandyck. In this portrait the Earl is arrayed in the Highland garb—kilt and belted plaid. His head-dress is a broad blue bonnet with ostrich feathers.

"The Scot abroad" in France, Germany, Holland, Spain, and Italy, in the great wars of the seventeenth century, Lord Archibald contends, was accustomed to deck his bonnet with ostrich plumes whenever he could afford to do so. Touching the alleged costliness of the feather bonnet, its advocate quotes the following curiously instructive paragraph from a letter written by a military officer of rank to a Scotch newspaper:—

A bonnet supplied regimentally to a private (formerly) lasted the whole of his service of twenty-one years (unless burnt), and was worn by him all over the globe. After ten years it would be "set up"—(i.e.), taken to pieces and re-made at a cost of two shillings and sixpence. On leaving the service at the end of twenty-one years, the soldier was permitted to sell his bonnet to the regiment, when it would realise as much as from fifteen to twenty shillings. The bonnet would then again be "set up," and fresh feathers, &c., added to it; being thus worn for another ten years, and so on, till the original feathers had all disappeared. In this way men of the 93rd Highlanders wore feathers in their bonnets at the battle of the Alma which had waved over their predecessors who died so gloriously at the disastrous repulse at New Orleans.

If Mr. Thackeray had had this statement before him, what a glorious pendant to the "Chronicle of the Drum" he might have written in a "Chronicle of the Feather Bonnet!" But these wondrously enduring bonnets for the rank and file were adorned with plumes purchased by the agents of the regiment direct from the Arab dealers at Aden, and were made up in the regimental workshop. The modern "Pimlico," or Government-manufactured feather bonnet is only required to last eight years; but its materials, it is said, are inferior to those of the old regimental ones.

With reference to the late Morice Bey, whose portrait appeared in this Journal last week, a correspondent from Greenock writes:—

He served for three years (about 1865 to 1868) as Lieutenant of Marines on board H.M.S. Lion, then stationed at Greenock. . . . One day the officers of the old wooden Lion were dining somewhat earlier than usual, as they were to have private theatricals and a dance on board in the evening, when Lieutenant Morice suddenly rose from his seat, and, to the horror of all, jumped through the open porthole into the Clyde, which there runs some eight knots. A moment afterwards "man overboard" resounded through the ship, and the mystery was solved. Lieutenant Morice's keen eye had, through the porthole, seen a man fall into the water; he dashed after him, caught him; and held him till assistance came from the ship.

My correspondent thinks that Lieutenant Morice was awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society for this act of conspicuous gallantry.

In Mr. H. Schütz Wilson's interesting volume of "Studies in History, Legend, and Literature," just published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, there is an exceptionally instructive and thoughtful paper on Lucrezia Borgia. Mr. Schütz Wilson's verdict is, on the whole, unfavourable to Donna Lucrezia. He is of opinion that Herr Gregorovius has not succeeded in rebutting the contemporary and conclusive evidence against the "fair devil"; that history contains no woman's name more famous and more infamous than that of the daughter of Pope Alexander VI. and La Vanozza, and that "story will brand for ever as a name of scorn that of the dark and fair, the lovely and yet desperately wicked, Lucrezia Borgia."

Mr. Schütz Wilson (who states the case for and against Lucrezia very lucidly and with the strictest impartiality) may or may not be right; and I am not going to argue with him. But I wholly disagree with him when he expresses his willingness to give up the character of Lucrezia to the dramatist and the librettist. I disagree with him for the reason that, when the dramatist happens to be a great poet, as Victor Hugo is, the public are apt implicitly to believe that the wildest of the fictions which he relates is authentic; and the well of historical truth is thus shamefully poisoned. Nine out of ten Frenchmen firmly believe that the extraordinary fable invented by M. Victor Hugo in his tragedy of "Lucrèce Borgia" is a faithful transcript of history; and even outside France a good many very well educated people may be fairly astonished when Mr. Schütz Wilson candidly tells them that Lucrezia's life as Duchess of Ferrara was not only blameless but beneficent; that she was the patroness of art and letters; and that she died in her bed, deeply lamented by her husband, Don Alfonso d'Este. The most philosophic utterance which I remember to have heard on the character of Donna Lucrezia was that of a Russian *savant* at Rome. "It was her misfortune," he said, "to suffer from

too much publicity. Had she not been so frequently married to distinguished personages little notice would have been taken of the escapades of her early life. Multitudes of accomplished Italian ladies in the age in which she lived had *une jeunesse orageuse*—a youth as stormy as hers had been; but they settled down to become devoted wives and mothers; or, if they were incorrigible, they were quickly entombed in convents."

Mem.: A strange light is thrown on the ethics of Italian society in the Pontificate, not of Alexander VI., but of the respectable Alexander VII., in the article on "Secret Poisoning," in Beckmann's "History of Inventions." In 1659 there was arrested in Rome a woman named Hieronyma Spara, who to the vocation of a fortune-teller added that of the president of a club of young married ladies whose diversion it was to poison their own and other ladies' husbands. They were all arrested, and confessed before they were put to the torture; but Hieronyma Spara required much racking before she would own her guilt. "Where now," cried she, "are the Roman princes, knights, and barons who on so many occasions promised me their protection? Where are the ladies who assured me of their friendship?" Spara, her assistant, and three more females were hanged; many more were imprisoned, scourged, and banished. These were the Lucrezia Borgias whom history has not taken the trouble to remember. They were not Popes' daughters, nor Duchesses of Ferrara.

Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, is anxious to extend the sphere of action of the tapestry looms at Windsor; and in a letter to the Town Council at Aberdeen has pointed out that at the works in question not only is newly-designed tapestry produced, but that "the beautiful specimens of ancient tapestry which decorate so many great English houses, and which time and moths are ruining, may be perfectly repaired" at Windsor. The Duke of Albany thinks that tapestry is peculiarly adapted to the large halls of municipal and other corporations; so he appealed to the Town Council of Aberdeen to call a meeting and "talk over the means by which a permanent national institution of tapestry might be established." His Royal Highness's communication was referred to a committee.

It is a very difficult thing to find a market for modern tapestry. Even the Gobelins at Paris can scarcely, I should say, be a "paying concern." Amateurs go crazy over old hangings, and are willing to pay fabulous prices for fine specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth century looms. Many of the finest pieces of old hangings extant have drifted to the United States; and what America acquires in the way of fine art she does not relinquish. But private persons living in houses of moderate size do not care much about tapestry, either ancient or modern. It harbours dust and invites the fabric-murdering moth; and you cannot hang pictures on the arras. The best place on which to bestow tapestry is on the walls of your staircase; but then many amateurs prefer to decorate their staircases with engravings, for which they have no wall-space in their rooms, but which they are reluctant to consign to the dark seclusion of the portfolio. If all the City Companies and all the Municipal Corporations would commission a piece of tapestry from the Windsor looms, each piece illustrating some conspicuous episode of the particular guild or municipality giving the commission, something effectual might be done towards making modern English tapestry-weaving "a permanent national institution."

From Bonnie Dundee comes, in a note from "J. C. S.," a characteristic example of the questions which the Distressed Compiler of this page is (much more frequently than I allow my readers to know) called upon to answer. Says "J. C. S.":—

Kindly inform me if it be correct to say that one can practice horsemanship on the back of a donkey. A writer in *Chambers's Journal* (Part ii., March 1, article "Hampstead Heath") so expressed himself; but I am doubtful of its correctness.

I have a goodly row on my shelves of the earlier volumes of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, to which I often turn when I have a spare half hour, with the delighted interest of yore; but at least ten years have passed since I looked into a copy of my esteemed contemporary in its modern form. Thus I cannot give a definite reply to my correspondent, although it strikes me that if "barbers' apprentices" can learn to shave by operating with the razor on a sheep's head, and if the drummers of old could learn to flog by thrashing a sack with a cat-o'-nine-tails, the rudiments of horsemanship might be acquired on the back of a donkey, or of a mule, or a zebra, or an alligator, provided the alligator was bridle-wise and did not eat you up before you rode him. Did not Mr. Waterton, of South-American-Wandering fame, once ride an alligator?

Mem.: There are many ways of practising horsemanship. There is the one suggested by the *savant* whom the Tsarina Catherine II. persecuted into turning a rhyme, and who, after infinite mental anguish, produced the following couplet:—

Il fait le plus beau temps du monde,
Pour aller à cheval sur la terre ou sur l'onde.

I quote from memory. It may have been, for aught I know, "se promener," and not "aller à cheval," that the *savant* said; but if I am wrong I can reckon with tolerable certainty on being corrected by a gentleman who writes in the *New York Sun*, and who is constantly kind enough to take care of my French. Unless I am grievously mistaken, the gentleman, when I first had the honour to know him, was a Turk.

In the current number of *Temple Bar*, Lady Lindsay (of Balcarres) has written a touching story of art life, called "Gracie." The only fault that I can find with this simple and natural story of a very charming heroine, her talent, her struggles, and her devotion, is that it is too short. One would like to hear much more about "Gracie" than Lady Lindsay is able to tell us in twenty pages. It is one of my privileges to give advice; and it is my readers' privilege (of which they very extensively avail themselves) to turn a deaf ear to the advice proffered. Why does not Lady Lindsay

turn her, I am sure capable, hand to the writing of a three-volume novel? She knows the great world, and is of it. She is a proficient in art, and knows all about the most eminent of its professors. She is a musician, and knows all about the musical world. She has been a traveller and knows all about Italy and Italian life. She has already shown herself an adept in depicting the lights and shadows of Scottish life. In spite of all this, it is very probable that her Ladyship will pay no more attention to my counsel than she would were I to suggest that she should translate the *Cosmogony of Zonaras* from the original Byzantine, or re-edit Hobbes's "Leviathan" or Harrington's "Oceana."

There is, happily, no rule without an exception; and I fancy that the graceful and picturesque writer of fiction, Mrs. Comyns Carr, will, so far from resenting, cheerfully follow the advice here tendered her to continue the composition of novels as bright, as varied, and as gentle as "La Fortunina," which has just been published in three-volume form by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. "North Italian Folk" was the first book by Mrs. Comyns Carr that I read, and her "Story of Autumn" and "Lucrezia" I have not read; but "La Fortunina" seems to me an altogether charming picture of Italian life—its sunniness ever and anon overshadowed by deeply-pathetic episodes. I rejoice that it ends happily. A three-volume novel that ends miserably is like a banquet which ends (according to our blundering English fashion) with caviar. The misery, like the caviar, should come first. What would you say if the "Sonnambula" concluded with the Dead March in "Saul" instead of "Ah! non giunge."

I read in the *Times* that the Committee of the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington intend, in the course of the present month, to hold an exhibition of "Ancient Ecclesiastical Embroideries," and that the possessors of good specimens thereof who are willing to lend them are invited to communicate with the Secretary, at Exhibition-road, South Kensington. The projected display should be a most interesting one. I wonder whether the Worshipful Company of Broderers, incorporated by Queen Elizabeth for the encouragement of the art and mystery of embroidering, have any "good specimens" to lend to the Committee of the Royal School of Art Needlework. The Hall of the Broderers was formerly at 36, Gutter-lane, Cheapside; and the Guild has several charities, all devoted, no doubt, to the relief of decayed embroiderers and their families. So much as is definite in this information (that about the charities is indefinite) is gathered from the "City of London Directory" for 1884—a very mine of, to me, useful and interesting civic lore.

"Ancient Ecclesiastical Embroideries" seems, at the outset, rather a vague expression. "And the hanging for the gate of the Court was needlework of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen." Exodus xxxviii. 18. "And they did beat the gold into thin plates, and cut it into wires, to work it in the blue, and in the purple, and in the fine linen, with cunning work." Exodus xxxix. 3. These are the earliest specimens of "ancient ecclesiastical embroideries" of which I can find mention.

Possibly the "ancient ecclesiastical embroideries" which the Committee of the Royal School of Art Needlework have really in view are those richly bedizened vestments and articles of church furniture in which England, before the Reformation, was so surprisingly rich. Henry VIII. and his great nobles had the greater part of the cathedral loot; and Mr. Froude tells us how "the halls of country houses were hung with altar-cloths; tables and beds were quilted with copes; the knights and squires drank their claret out of chalices and watered their horses in marble coffins. Some of the paraphernalia of old St. Paul's were purchased by Spanish merchants resident in London; and at the Cathedral of La Seo at Valencia, and also at Zaragoza, the *custodes* still show you richly embroidered "ternos" and "frontales" from "Powl's."

Mem.: Spenser must have had the spoilers of "Powl's" in his eye when he drew his matchless portrait of Kirkrapine.

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdie thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore men's boxes of their due relife:
What given was to them for good intents:
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe when all men carelesse slept,
And spoil'd the priests of their habiliments
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

Could the "ancient ecclesiastical embroideries" so soon to be exhibited at South Kensington become articulate, what shocking stories of bygone Kirkrapine they would have to relate!

"A Lover of his Country, and therefore a member of the Fourth Party," has attempted to inflict on me the perusal of another communication extending this time to seven closely-written octavo pages. But I have foiled him by assigning his letter, unread, to the waste-paper basket.

What is the matter with the ventilation of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-Garden? The vast audiences who have assembled to witness the magnificent impersonations of Salvini have been half-frozen and half cut to pieces (figuratively speaking) by the sharp winds which (blowing seemingly from the back of the stage) have careered about the theatre, scattering broadcast the possibilities of catarrh, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs, rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago. King Æolus, in the *Æneid*, is a very grand object to contemplate. With power imperial he curbs the struggling winds, "and sounding tempest in dark caverns binds."

High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre and their rage commands,
Which, did he not, their unrestricted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way.

At the same time, it is scarcely pleasant to find Covent Garden Theatre not only converted on every Salvini night into a Cave of the Winds, but to be induced to the persuasion that King Æolus has for the time abdicated his throne, and that the liberated winds, careering whither they will, are having a high old time of it.

G. A. S.



THE FALL OF THE GIRAFFE.

THE LATE MAJOR SLADE, 10TH HUSSARS.

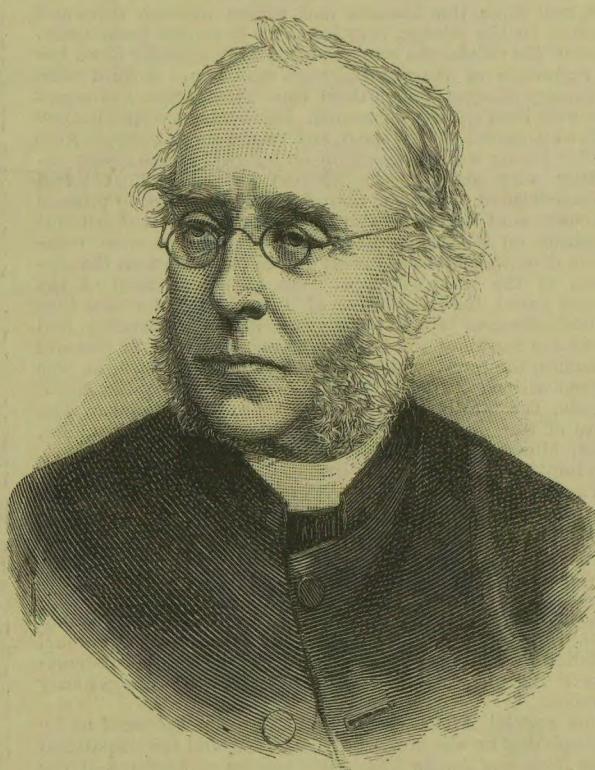
Major Montague Maule Slade, whose body was found after the Battle of Teb on Friday last, pierced with twelve spear wounds, was the second surviving son of the late General Marcus Slade, sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey and Colonel of the 50th Regiment, and of his wife, Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. Andrew Ramsay, who was son of the eighth Earl of Dalhousie. He was born on Jan. 16, 1849, and joined the 56th Regiment in 1868, exchanging first into the 18th and thence to the 10th Hussars, the regiment in which his distinguished grandfather, General Sir John Slade, Bart., G.C.H., gained the first of his many laurels. In the 10th, Montague Slade served in the Afghan War, and in a way so soldier-like as to earn the special mention and recommendation of his Commanders. Returning home, he was stopped to join his regiment at Trinkitat, and died on the battle-field. We must deeply sympathise with the grief of the mother and sister, who, now at Cairo, went out to meet him, and to be near his younger brother, Major Slade, R.H.A., who is on the Staff of Sir Evelyn Wood. They belong to a family who have well served their country. General Sir John Slade had eleven sons; of these, eight held, and with honour, commissions in the Army or Navy; two became prominent lawyers; and one entered the Church. General Marcus Slade (who claimed to be the lawful inheritor of his father's baronetcy on the death of his elder brother, Sir Frederick Slade, the second Baronet) left three sons. The eldest, Major John Ramsay Slade, of the Royal Horse Artillery, has received the Companionship of the Bath for his gallant behaviour at Maiwand, and his humanity and courage during the difficult march to Candahar. The youngest son, Frederick George (also Major of Artillery), is with Sir Evelyn Wood, engaged in the expedition to the Soudan which has deprived them of a much-loved brother. This gallant officer, likewise, has been to the front at every opportunity since he donned the Queen's uniform, and has earned a high reputation.



THE LATE MAJOR MONTAGU SLADE, 10TH HUSSARS,
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF TEB.



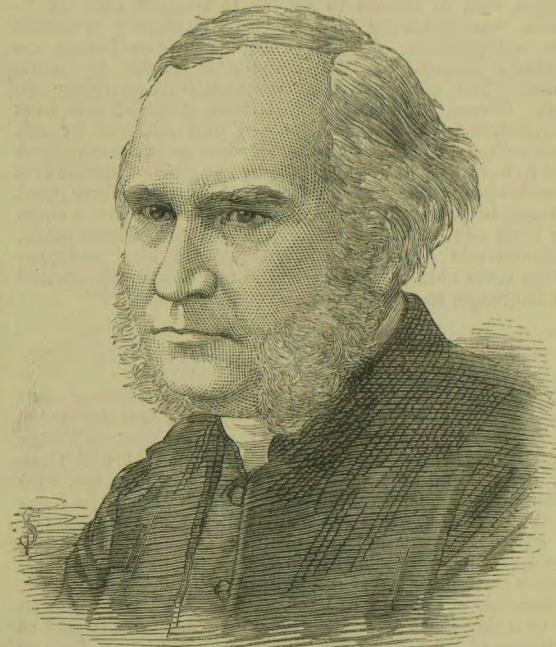
THE RIGHT REV. G. RIDDING, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.



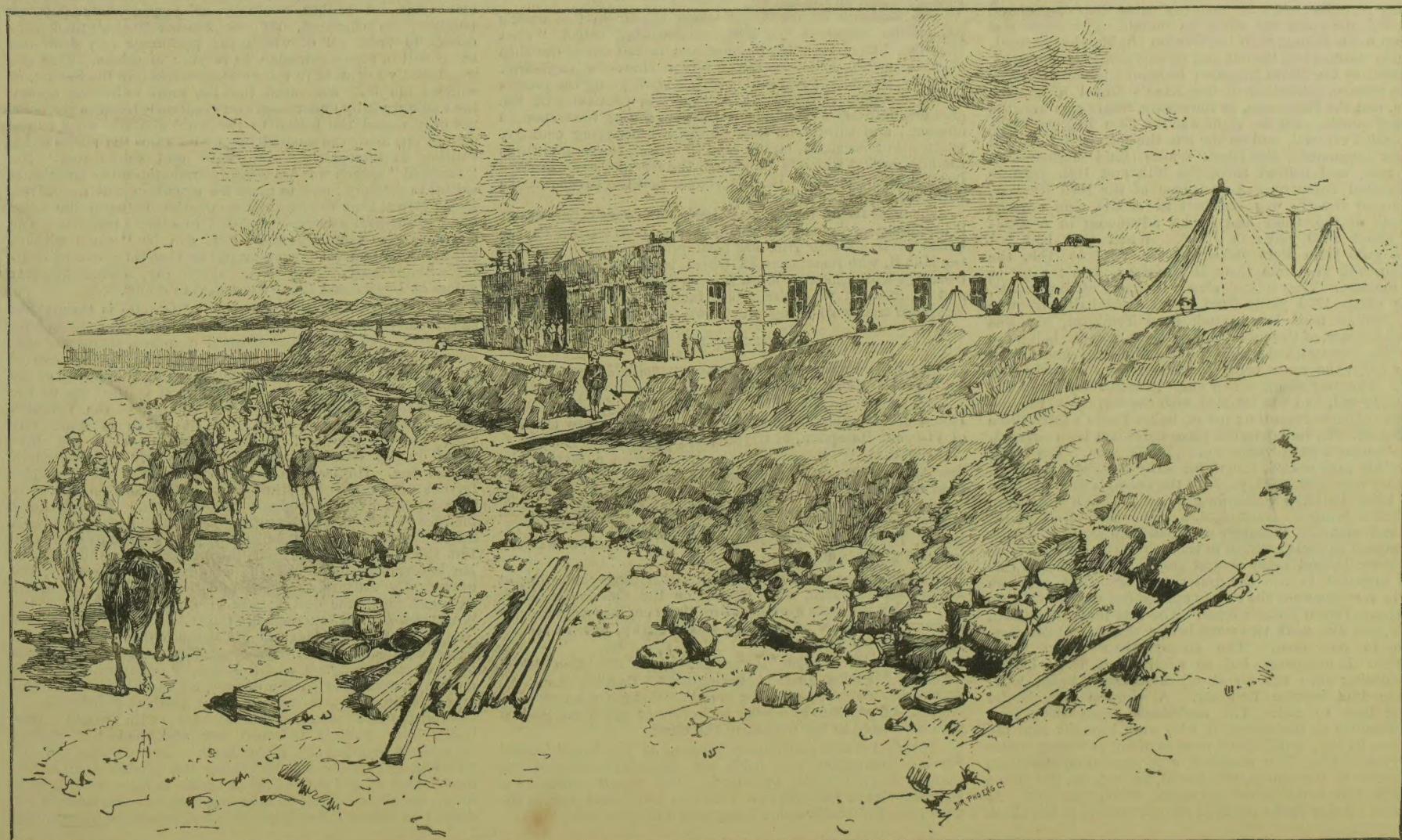
THE RIGHT REV. W. B. CHESTER, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF KILLALOE.

THE LATE DR. HULLAH.

The death of Dr. John Hullah, founder of the Hullah system of class instruction in singing established about forty years ago in England, and formerly carried on at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, is deserving of public notice. He was born at Worcester, in 1813, but was brought up in London; and, having early shown a talent for music, became in 1832 a student of the Royal Academy of Music, and studied the art of singing under Horsley and Crivelli. His first important composition was the opera of "The Village Coquettes," brought out at the St. James's Theatre in 1836, with a libretto written by Charles Dickens; it was followed by "The Barber of Bussora," and "The Outpost," at Covent Garden, in 1837 and 1838. Mr. Hullah soon afterwards devoted himself to the task of improving and extending the methods of teaching vocal music in large classes, which had been commenced by Mainzer, Wilhem, Pelzer, and others, in France and Germany, and in this country. He made a beginning, in February, 1840, at the Battersea Training College, and a year later he opened a school at Exeter Hall for the instruction of schoolmasters and teachers in his system. To these classes a multitude of persons resorted for certificates to qualify them to teach. An upper and lower school were formed, and with the former Mr. Hullah gave a series of concerts with the help of the leading professional vocalists and a full orchestra, illustrating the rise and progress of vocal music in chronological sequence. In 1847 his friends built St. Martin's Hall in Long-acre for him, and until 1860, when the hall was burned down, he continued to give concerts, at which Mr. Santley made his first appearance in "The Creation," and Madame Sherrington and Mr. Lewis Thomas sang for the first time in London. It is estimated that over 25,000 persons passed through his classes between 1840 and 1860. When St. Martin's Hall was destroyed, the friends and pupils of Mr. Hullah presented him with a handsome testimonial. He was appointed



THE RIGHT REV. W. STUBBS, D.D.,
THE NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: FORT EURYALUS, SOUAKIM—READY FOR THE ENEMY.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Professor of Vocal Music at King's College in 1844, which office he resigned in 1874. His successor was Dr. W. H. Monk, some time his coadjutor, the musical editor of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern." At the foundation of Queen's College and of Bedford College, Hullah was appointed vocal teacher, and for three years (1870-3) was conductor of the concerts at the Royal Academy of Music. In March, 1872, he was made Inspector of Music in Training Colleges in England and Scotland, an office he resigned in 1882, when he received a pension of £150 a year from the Civil List for his services in the cause of musical education. In 1876 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. He was the author or editor of a variety of musical publications.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi and Co.

BUST OF LONGFELLOW, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In "Poets' Corner," the south-west transept of our venerable Abbey, the bust of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the most popular American author of poetry, and one of the best in the English language, was unveiled last Saturday, having been placed with the monuments of Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Gay, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Southey, Campbell, and other worthies of English literature. The new bust, which is the work of Mr. T. Brock, A.R.A., sculptor, is inscribed as follows:—"Longfellow.—This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the Poets of England by the admirers of an American Poet, 1884. Born at Portland, U.S.A., Feb. 27, 1807. Died at Cambridge, U.S.A., March 24, 1882." The unveiling ceremony was preceded by a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber; the Rev. Canon Protheroe, Sub-Dean, presiding in the absence of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster. A letter from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales expressed his regret that he was prevented from being present. Earl Granville, the first speaker, on behalf of the subscribers to the monument, presented it to the Abbey, and cordially, though briefly, commended the high character and genius of the poet. The United States Minister, Mr. James Russell Lowell, speaking for his countrymen, and for the poet's daughters, Miss Alice and Miss Anne Longfellow, who were present, expressed their gratitude for this token of esteem, and bore his own testimony to the personal merits of his deceased friend, as well as to the beauty and sincerity of his poetry. The Right Hon. Mr. Childers, in moving a vote of thanks to Dr. W. C. Bennett and Mr. F. Bennoch, the honorary secretary and honorary treasurer of the subscription, observed that Americans looked on the Abbey Church of Westminster as theirs as much as ours. The company then went into the Abbey, to "Poets' Corner," where the Sub-Dean unveiled the bust of Longfellow, which was approved and admired by all. Canon Protheroe remarked that, "in some sense, poets might be said to be natives of all lands;" but Longfellow was the first of those belonging to another country who had, however great their fame, been admitted to a place in Westminster Abbey. "May I not add, is it not a pledge that we give to each other, of England and America, that nothing can long and permanently sever nations who are bound together by the eternal ties of language, race, religion, and common feeling?"

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The expected battle last week between the British force commanded by Major-General Sir Gerald Graham and the Arabs of the Eastern Soudan, on the road from Trinkitat to Tokar, took place on the Friday (yesterday week). It lasted three hours, and resulted in the complete defeat of the Arabs, with the slaughter of about 2000 of them. The British loss was above thirty killed, including four military officers and one naval officer, while 142 of the British were wounded, two officers severely. The number of British troops engaged was somewhat above four thousand. Of the enemy, it is believed, there were ten or twelve thousand. The British force entered Tokar next day (Saturday), the battle having been fought at the village of El Teb, near the scene of Baker Pasha's disastrous defeat on the 4th ult. The following account will show that there was much obstinate fighting; and the Arabs showed desperate valour, while the steady behaviour of the British troops was exceedingly creditable to them.

There was heavy rain in the night before the battle. Early on Friday morning, when the men had dried their clothes and breakfasted, the order was given to march. The force was drawn up in an oblong, with the Gordon Highlanders in front, with three Gardners on the left and three Gatlings on the right, both served by the Naval Brigade; General Graham and staff, with the reserve, consisting of the King's Royal Rifles, the Marines, and the Engineers, in the centre, where also were the stores and camels. On the right was the 89th Regiment (the Royal Irish Fusiliers), and on the left the 65th (the York and Lancaster Regiment); the Black Watch (42nd Highlanders) in the rear, and behind them the 10th and 19th Hussars and Mounted Infantry. A squadron of the 10th Hussars, under Major Gough, was sent out as scouts, and covered the whole of the front and flanks, advancing in a semi-circle, about 1000 yards in front. When they had got about a mile from Fort Baker on the road to Teb, the enemy opened fire from their Remingtons, but too far to do any damage. They retired slowly in front of the scouts, keeping about 1200 yards from them. At half-past nine H.M.S. Sphinx fired four rounds from Trinkitat, but was signalled to cease, as the shells fell short, the distance being too great. The force pushed steadily on in a well-kept square, with but few halts, the route being so chosen as to avoid broken ground. The way along which they marched lay along the lower sandy soil, and was studded with the corpses of the unfortunate fugitives from the rout of Baker Pasha's force three weeks before. By half-past ten three miles had been covered, and the enemy's earthworks were plainly seen. The firing had by this time ceased, except for stray shots at our scouts. When they were within 800 yards of the enemy's first position, an old brick building resembling a mill, with a large iron steam-boiler lying in front of it, a halt was made, and the scouts and mounted infantry, who had been sent out to the left, returned to their position in the rear. The enemy's faces peered from behind every mound and hillock. Neither side seemed disposed to fire the first shot; but when our men began to move forward the enemy opened fire with the Krupp guns captured from Baker's force. The first shot fell wide of its mark, but the next two were better aimed, and did some damage to our men. The enemy then began firing from their Remingtons, but so wildly that their bullets went whizzing into the air in all directions. Soon, however, the hits became frequent. A Gordon Highlander was the first to fall. The ambulance men were soon busy attending to the wounded, who were brought into the square one by one, until there were as many as twenty under the surgeons' care. The wounded were carried on stretchers in the centre of the square, which still pressed on, the object being to pass the north face of the works, which was done. At this moment Baker Pasha received an ugly wound in the cheek

from a shrapnel-shell bullet. After advancing a thousand yards, a halt was called, and the men were ordered to lie down in position for firing. The guns were then run out, and with these and their Martinis our men replied to the enemy's fire with such effect that the shots from them began to cease almost entirely. Then the bugles sounded the advance, and our men rose, and, wheeling over the centre of the square, marched on to the enemy's earthworks. The Arabs, however, bravely stuck to their position, keeping well within cover. In front of the square there were not probably more than 2000 men, but on either flank hundreds of black heads were seen. As our men advanced there sprang up, sometimes within two hundred yards of them, men armed only with a spear and a shield, who would charge down on them, without hesitating a moment, at full speed, and they only stopped when laid low with a bullet. Time after time this was repeated, till at last the bullets of our men prevailed, and the front was cleared. Then, with a ringing cheer, our men rushed into the earthwork. Nothing could resist this gallant charge. Colonel Burnaby was the first to mount the parapet, armed with a double-barrelled gun. Still the brave Arabs stood their ground. As one by one their lurking places were discovered, they would rise and rush at our men, armed only with a spear; they fought every inch of the ground as they fell back. When the earthwork was gained, two Krupp guns were found and were immediately turned to good use by the Marine Artillery against the Arabs, who still obstinately resisted. Some rushed on, empty-handed, only to get shot or bayoneted; indeed, it seemed as if only death could stop these fearless warriors from hurling themselves against our men. At one o'clock they at last showed signs of retreating; and our men followed them up to the wells at Teb, the scene of their victory over Baker Pasha. Here they made their last stand, fighting with spears against rifles and bayonets, but failed again in this unequal conflict. Captain F. G. Slade, with the F and G companies of the Gordon Highlanders, carried their next earthwork. Here were found a brass gun, two Krupps, a Gatling, and two rocket tubes. After about four hours' hard fighting, the enemy's camp, the huts, and the wells were in our hands. When the enemy had turned, the Hussars were ordered to charge, but the undaunted Arabs would not run; they struck blow for blow, and when the Hussars had ridden through them and returned to the charge, they stood up to receive them again. Three of the chiefs, the only mounted men, actually faced the two regiments of Hussars and were cut down. A third time the cavalry charged, and a third time these brave Arabs met them with their spears and swords. Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow received a wound from a spear, and two or three troopers were killed. Firing was still kept up on both sides, the enemy retreating very slowly. As he had gained Teb, General Graham decided to bivouac there for the night, and to proceed to Tokar next day (Saturday). This was effected without opposition on Saturday afternoon. The enemy were completely dispirited by their defeat and left the town on the approach of the British troops. On the appearance of the advance guard, the inhabitants of Tokar rushed forward with demonstrations of joy, waving flags, firing guns, dancing, and kissing the hands of the General. On the return of General Graham to the force, which halted outside the town, he was received with cheers along the line, especially by the Naval Brigade, the Marines, and the Gordon Highlanders. The bodies of the English officers, of Baker Pasha's force, Dr. Leslie, Morice Bey, Captain Forestier Walker, and others, were found and properly buried.

The British officers killed were Major Montagu Maule Slade, of the 10th Hussars, Lieutenant Frederick Arthur Freeman, of the 19th Hussars, Lieutenant Francis Hoel Probyn, of the 9th Bengal Cavalry, Quartermaster James Wilkins, of the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifles, and Lieutenant Frank Royds, R.N., of H.M.S. Carysfort, commanding the Gatling guns with the Naval Brigade. Baker Pasha received a bullet wound in the face, and Colonel Frederick Burnaby was shot through the left arm; Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, was dangerously wounded.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has informed us by telegraph that he was present at the battle, and has dispatched to the *Illustrated London News* office a series of Sketches of the action, which will be presented to our readers as early as possible after their arrival. He was the only Special Artist present upon the occasion, having recovered from the accidental injury which kept him in hospital at the time of Baker Pasha's defeat on the 4th ult.

The Sketches by our Artist which appear in this week's publication represent the fort at Souakim, called "Fort Eryalus" from its being manned and armed out of the ship of that name, Admiral Sir William Hewett's flag-ship; secondly, the gallant Admiral, with his staff, going the rounds of the Souakim fortifications, having sole command of the garrison, military as well as naval forces, during the General's absence; and thirdly, a view of the neighbouring country, westward of Souakim, on the road to Sinkat, looking towards the hills behind which is Tamanie, the site of Osman Digna's fortified encampment. It is probable that the British troops will now move in that direction.

The most recent news from Khartoum is very satisfactory; it is stated that Colonel Stewart's mission to the tribes on the banks of the White Nile has been quite successful, and that the Mahdi, who remains at El Obeid, is pleased with General Gordon's willingness to allow him to be Sultan of Kordofan, and is inclined to desist from further hostilities, as the Egyptian troops are being withdrawn from the Soudan.

City Echoes and other articles are unavoidably omitted, and a notice of The Magazines for March is deferred until next week.

Sir Henry Bouvier W. Brand, the late Speaker of the House of Commons, is to be raised to the Peerage by the title of Viscount Hampden, of Glynde, in the county of Sussex.

Messrs. G. W. Bacon and Co. have issued a map of the Soudan districts and of the Red Sea littoral, on a larger scale than has been the case in most of the maps hitherto published.

A Shakespeare memorial window, the gift of an unknown donor, was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in the Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, yesterday week. The window was the work of Messrs. Mayer and Co.

Three trains came into collision last Saturday morning at Kirriemuir Junction, near Forfar, on the Caledonian Railway. Nine waggons were smashed, three engines were greatly damaged, and part of the line was torn up, but no serious personal injury was done.

The North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, Mansion House, Hanley-road, Hornsey-rise, was opened last Saturday, and the foundation-stone of a new wing laid, in the presence of a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen interested in the welfare of the blind.

The fifty-third anniversary meeting of the Royal United Service Institution was held last Saturday—Admiral Sir Cooper Key, G.C.B., presiding. The report, which was adopted, stated that 205 new members had joined during the past year, the total number being now 4627.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

At the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Thursday, Feb. 28, Signor Salvini entered upon what is understood to be a series of farewell representations by the performance of Othello. When the great Italian tragedian paid his first visit to England, in 1875, to seek the public verdict, as he did again on Feb. 28 last in the part of Othello, his success was as immediate and as tremendous as that of Edmund Kean had been sixty years before, as Richard III. The town for weeks was, figuratively speaking, Salvini mad, just as in 1815 it had been Kean mad. But in the case of the last-named tragedian the success of the actor was an altogether unexpected eventuality. An obscure Bohemian, a theatrical jack-of-all-trades, an ex-circus rider and ex-harlequin, a shiftless stroller who but the day before yesterday, so to speak, had been snubbed by managers and laughed at at rehearsals, found himself on the morrow of his appearance in high tragedy at the very head of his profession, caressed by the great, appreciated by the highest intellect of the land—for were not Byron and Moore among the earliest and most enthusiastic admirers of the new exponent of Shakespeare?—and the idol of the public. "The pit rose at him"; and so they continued to rise until, after a splendid career of more than fifteen additional years, excess hopelessly shattered an originally robust constitution, and made Edmund Kean lag superfluous on the stage for years had made him a veteran on its boards. With Tommaso Salvini the case was widely different. He, the son of a well-known Milanese tragedian and the pupil of the famous Modena, came among us with the noblest of professional records. Those who had sojourned in Italy and were familiar with the *fasti* of the contemporary Italian stage could make careful count of Salvini's former achievements; of his early collaboration with the Ristori troupe; of his triumphs in Alfieri's "Saul," in Orosmanes, in Orestes, and as Conrad in "La Morte Civile." He was as well known in Paris and in Madrid as in his own land. He had visited the United States; yet, in making his first reverence before an English audience he had in degree as many difficulties to encounter as Edmund Kean had had. He had to speak in a language of which nine tenths of his hearers were possibly either entirely or all but entirely ignorant. In an instant he conquered. Had he declaimed in Polish, in Hungarian, in Arabic, his victory would have been as rapid and as complete. He won the fight by the sheer force of his genius; by his astonishing mimetic and gesticulatory powers; and by his almost magical faculty of interpreting the diction, and even the thoughts of the poet, by the most varied and the most subtle of facial expression, and by the infinite modulations of a voice as nobly sonorous as it was exquisitely melodious. Salvini's second visit to London was not, so far as popularity went, so successful as his first adventure among us. A series of annoying mischances marred his comfort and crippled his arrangements. He appeared at the wrong time, at the wrong theatre, and his visit was brought to a precipitate close.

But his third appearance among us has been as triumphant as his first; and his Othello is once more presented to us in all its nobility, all its grandeur, all its strength of delineation, and all its depth of pathos. There is not the slightest exaggeration in saying that in one important respect Salvini is inimitable. He is so far the simple reason that to imitate him even tolerably an actor must possess the magnificent vocal organ with which Salvini is endowed, and which he has cultivated to perfection. It must be pointed out that nearly all the great tragedians of the past could be vocally mimicked, because there were strong peculiarities either in their natural voices or in their acquired elocution. The grandiose but stilted delivery of John Kemble; Edmund Kean's harsh and grating accents; Charles Younge's lisp; Charles Kean's "catachric" voice, and his inveterate habit of ending every sentence with a half-chuckle; the raucous and sometimes metallic vibration of the tones of Samuel Phelps; the Boanerges-like tirades of Gustavus Brooke—all these offered full scope to the powers of the mimic. Of the English tragedians of the present day it would be invidious to say aught; but it may be maintained, without much fear of contradiction, that Salvini, as an elocutionist, is beyond imitation, because his voice is wholly free both from natural peculiarities and artificial mannerisms; and—paradoxical as the illustration may at the outset appear to be—he seems, all nobly natural as he is, to have disciplined and subordinated his voice to perform the functions of some great church organ, as powerful and as sweet as one built by Father Schmidt—an organ which has its trumpet, its clarinet, its *vox humana* stops, with fifty others to boot, all of which the performer can draw out at his will to give expression to varying emotions. This was wonderfully apparent in the great speech before the Senate, of which I am fully convinced that the most unlettered among the audience fully understood every sentence, because the actor not only suited the action to the word and the word to the action, but made the modulations of his voice the slaves of his volition in interpreting both word and action too. The "farewell" speech was as intensely dramatic and as artistically skilful in delivery; and in parts his elocution was so marvelously lyrical that the line of demarcation between the actor and the minstrel seemed diminished to a hair's breadth. The Germans have taught us that there can be "songs without words." Salvini has almost taught us that there can be singing without music. And that, I should say, is what the great actors of Greece and Rome succeeded in doing.

Salvini's conception of the part of Othello is throughout simple and consistent. He is the "noble Moor," a thoroughly high-bred, high-minded gentleman, dignified, temperate, and somewhat reserved; possibly the son of some Mauritanian of princely rank, captured in his childhood by the armies of the Serene Republic, baptised a Christian, and trained up to the profession of arms at the cost and charges of the Venetian State. That State he loves; he has done it some service, and to the end he is willing to shed his life-blood in its defence. He is passionately enamoured of Desdemona. He loves her with the devoted but respectful fervour of a man of mature age when he finds his affection reciprocated by a young and beautiful girl. He implicitly believes in Desdemona's purity. The demoniacal Iago has a desperately difficult task in arousing the jealousy of Othello. But the fiend incarnate holds the master-key to the position. He knows that under all the nobility, the generosity, the bravery, the culture, the piety of Othello is the Oriental, the Savage Emir of the desert; and when once the artifice of the handkerchief has succeeded, the Othello of courts and camps, the noble pleader of his cause before the Doge and Senators, the upright Governor of Cyprus, the fond spouse of the fair Desdemona, all suddenly disappear, and we are confronted only by the Savage, implacable in his hatred and bloody in his wrath. An Italian gentleman of Othello's time who suspected his wife would probably have politely poisoned her and had her gallant as politely stabbed by hired *bravi*. But Othello, in his ferocious ire, determines that none but himself shall be the executioner of the wife whom he deems to have been false to him. He kisses her ere he kills her, it is true; he laments her death; he makes the only possible atonement for his crime by



TRYING THE RANGE: A SKETCH ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

slaying himself; still the murder of Desdemona is not the less a horrible piece of butchery. It shocked the nerves of M. de Voltaire dreadfully, and naturally so; but it is a necessity of Othello's nature. It is the *ananke*, the inevitable, and that the genius of Shakespeare divined and insisted upon.

Salvini's incomparably fine performance of Othello had tolerable, but not wholly adequate, support from the Italian troupe whom he brought with him. The deficiencies of these ladies and gentlemen were more of a physical than of an intellectual nature. Signor Udina failed altogether to convey to the audience the impression that he was a Venetian officer of rank, and—undeniably clever as was his rendering of Iago's villainy, and dexterously rapid as were his gesticulations—he reminded me more of a stout Italian innkeeper—say, at Padua—voluminously explaining why he had charged two lire and fifty centesimi for twopennyworth of macaroni, than of the young, good-looking, and Mephistophelean Iago. Signor Fiocchi, as Cassio, was respectable, but weak. In the drunken scene he was "not in it" at all. The Brabantio of Signor De Rosa was good. Signora Cattaneo did her best as Desdemona, but she lacked vigour; and Signora Piamonti as Emilia was a little too energetic in utterance for her own physical strength, and found the immense area of Covent Garden Theatre too much for her. The scenery was incongruous; and the costumes, with the exception of those worn by Salvini, were somewhat shabby. There was an imposing array of British "supers," and I was glad to see that my old friend Shegog (I have known him more than forty years) was to the fore again, and that his hands and feet were as large as ever.

Of Salvini as King Lear, as Conrad in "La Morte Civile," and as Macbeth, I hope to speak next week. G. A. S.

MUSIC.

Since the first appearance this season of Herr Joachim (recorded last week) he has played at two more of the Popular Concerts—at the performance of Saturday afternoon and last Monday evening—and will continue to be leading and solo violinist to the end of the season. The Monday evening concert of this week brought back Madame Schumann, who made her first appearance here after an absence of two years, and proved that her exceptional powers, executive and intellectual, are in nowise impaired by time. The great pianist played Beethoven's sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," with admirable realisation of its impassioned and ideal sentiment; and gave, in reply to a second recall, the "Novellette" in F, by her late husband, Robert Schumann. Madame Schumann was received with general enthusiasm by a crowded audience, a shower of bouquets having been among the signs of welcome. Other items of the concert call for no comment. As already said, Herr Joachim was again the leading and solo violinist, and Mdlle. Badia was the vocalist.

The Ash Wednesday performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, directed by Mr. Barnby, was briefly mentioned by us last week. The oratorio was given with grand effect in its choral details, and the solos were well rendered, especially those assigned to Madame Patey and Mr. Maas. Mrs. Whitney, the American soprano, was well received on her reappearance, and Mr. King, in the bass solos, sang artistically, although apparently under the influence of a cold. At the next concert, on March 13, the "Stabat Mater" by Anton Dvorak (the Bohemian composer) will be performed, conducted by himself, preceded by Mr. Barnby's setting of the 97th Psalm, composed for last year's Leeds Festival.

Mr. William Carter gave another of his National Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday evening, when St. David's Day was celebrated by a grand Welsh Festival. The selection of music was chiefly, but not entirely, national. Mr. Sims Reeves was to have appeared, but, being indisposed, was replaced by Mr. Vernon Rigby. Mesdames Carlotta Patti, Antoinette Sterling and Edith Wynne, and other well-known vocalists, contributed to a varied programme, which also comprised some effective singing by Mr. W. Carter's well-trained choir, and instrumental solos by Herr Poznanski (violin), M. De Munck (violincello), and Mr. Oberthur (harp), and performances by the band of the Scots Guards. St. Patrick's Day is to be celebrated by a grand Irish Festival.

M. De Pachmann's farewell recital took place last week at St. James's Hall, which was filled by an appreciative audience. The eminent pianist played, with his exceptional excellence, solos by Chopin, Henselt, and Liszt—in which styles he is, perhaps, heard at his best—and other pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Cramer, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. M. De Pachmann has established a high position, and will certainly meet with another warm greeting on his return.

The London Ballad Concert of this week was the last afternoon performance of this season (the eighteenth). The programme was of the usual varied and popular description, vocal and instrumental. The concert of next Wednesday will be given in the evening.

Madame Viard-Louis gave the second of her interesting Beethoven recitals at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. F. H. Cowen, whose graceful drawing-room songs have done much to raise the tone of this class of music, purposes giving a "Song Recital" at Steinway Hall next Wednesday afternoon, when, in addition to some of his well-known pieces, several new songs are to be sung for the first time in public. Solo vocalists of high standing are engaged for the occasion.

The first public concert of the recently founded Chelsea Philharmonic Society took place at the Kensington Town-hall on Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. H. A. Evans. A good programme was generally well rendered, and the performances altogether were well received. The proceeds will be handed over to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

As the steam-ship Aberdeen was starting from Gravesend last Saturday afternoon, on a voyage to Australia, her store of gunpowder exploded just beneath the bridge. The captain, the second officer, the pilot, and the quartermaster were seriously injured, and were brought back to the Gravesend Infirmary, where the pilot died on Sunday morning.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on Thursday week, Mr. Loveridge, the chairman of the City Lands Committee, moved:—"That the freedom of this City, in a gold box, be presented to the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., in testimony of the esteem and admiration of this Court, in recognition of his Lordship's life-long and successful labours on behalf of the young, the suffering, the degraded and the oppressed, and the devotion by him of high position, wealth, time, and influence in the alleviation of human suffering, both at home and abroad." Alderman Sir Robert Carden, who said he was born in the same year as Lord Shaftesbury, and had been a humble follower of his for a great number of years, seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, amid much acclamation.—The Lord Mayor's banquet to Lord Shaftesbury was held on Wednesday at the Mansion House, and upwards of 300 guests accepted invitations, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, Mr. Walter, M.P., Sir R. Carden, M.P., Mr. H. Richard, M.P., and representatives of religious and philanthropic societies.

FINE ARTS.

MESSRS. TOOTHS' GALLERIES.

These handsome galleries, of which we gave a short description last week, have been opened with an exhibition of English and foreign pictures similar to those which preceded it in the old premises, but of higher quality generally. The English pictures are, as usual, for the most part minor, though not therefore always inferior examples of several of our most popular painters, within and without the Academy. By Mr. Leader, for instance, there is a large picture of "Still Evening," which is not much less noteworthy than the "February Fill-Dyke," that favourite with the public two or three years ago at Burlington House. Mr. Davis's Highland cattle-piece (25) is also careful and complete, if the "motive," again, is not novel. Mr. Hook's "Wounded Gull," though slight, has the true racy quality of the master's work. Peter Graham is represented by, of course, "Cattle in the Highlands: a Misty Morning;" and Mr. McWhirter, equally of course, by silver beeches in "A Highland Avenue." There is one of P. R. Morris's pleasant baby pictures, "The Dewdrop on the Rose;" and there are examples, in their customary vein, by Sir F. Leighton, F. Holl, G. H. Boughton, V. Cole, and J. Brett; and by S. E. Waller, A. Parsons, and other rising artists. "Christmas Day at Seville," by Mr. Long, is in his earlier manner, it having been painted in 1868, and has become somewhat heavy from the free use of brown. But the English pictures upon which the visitor may perhaps dwell with most satisfaction, in view of the extraordinary finish and completeness of much of the Continental work, are two by Alma Tadema and F. Goodall. The "Exedra," by the former, represents, as some readers will remember (the picture having been painted about 1870), an after-dinner party, grouped at dusk on a semicircular marble seat, as indicated by the title, and a sample of which exists to this day just outside Pompeii. "Relating his Adventures" (125), by the latter, is an Arab tent scene, in which a certain softness of general effect hardly prepares the eye and the mind for the thoroughly studied light and shade, and the admirable characterisation and modelling of the figures.

The foreign works are numerous, and not only of novel interest, but many of them are, as we have intimated, remarkable for a technical skill difficult to match in our school. An easy first in this respect comes the picture by Fortuny, called "In the Vatican"—why it is hard to say: an elderly amateur turning over the leaves of a portfolio, and a queer dwarf attendant, both in rich costumes of the last century, and in a sumptuous tapestried apartment, with carved table, *cassone*, and *brie-a-brac*, such as the artist loved to collect in his studio, is the subject—slender and hackneyed as always. Yet the subject is not only sufficient, but exactly suited for the display of the painter's marvellous execution, which, while virtually as precise and searching as Meissonier's, is vastly more free and suggestive, and full of apparently happy accidents, yielding a play of the loveliest tints and tones. Of course there are whole realms of art higher and nobler than this of Fortuny, yet to our mind nothing of its kind has ever been achieved so marvellously dexterous as we see here and in other of his best pictures. Fortuny was a genius and an inventor, and of his numerous followers, extremely skilful as many of them are, none have nearly approached him. There are a few other pictures here wonderful for their minute yet brilliant finish of details—pictures rivaling Terburg at his best, and of an elaborate perfection of imitation that one never sees at the Royal Academy, yet they are "hard" compared to the Fortuny. We allude more particularly to a surprising little picture by Deutsch, a young unknown Austrian painter, of "The Ameer," descending the marble steps of his Moorish palace, and turning loftily from the black slave that stands, scimitar in hand, cowering at the portal. Similar in its peculiar merit to this is another small picture, by E. Charlemont, of a young "Page in Waiting," in costume of the seventeenth century. The exhibition is also rich in works by the group of artists of various nationalities now painting at Venice. Foremost among these for power and pathos we are inclined to place a picture of a girl kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin, on a grandiose but ruinous terrace, a replica, we understand, of a picture which won the gold medal at Rome last year, the work of L. Nono, an artist now first introduced to the London public. G. Favretto is another painter little known here, but of good repute in his own country, who is represented by "A Venetian Market Place"—very truthful in its aspect and colour "values." Of the more familiar merits of E. de Blaas there are several examples, the most considerable being "The Village Dance," which, if not quite so exquisite as the Venetian courtship picture at the Academy last year, has many beautiful passages. F. Ruben's "Mending Nets, Venice," has admirable sunlight effect, but the figures leave something to desire. R. Sorbi, an Italian painter, but Florentine, not Venetian, shows in "The Card Players" his unsurpassed clean accuracy of draughtsmanship; but the absence of all apparent handling, and accidents of light and shade, impart to his work a sense of flatness and labour. The same remark applies, in some degree, to A. Gaillou's too smooth "Lesson in Fishing"; the old fisherman's head is, however, admirably modelled.

Of the French school, there are by Bouguereau a head in his customary manner; and by B. Constant an exceptionally successful *tour de force* in colouring, "The Carpet Sellers." The American painter, J. L. Stewart, a pupil of Madrazzo, has a single female figure study, of no small merit and promise. Lastly, there is a large illustration, in a post of honour, of the latest French ultra-realism by Julien Dupré, representing a Normandy shepherd "Minding his Flock." Of the shepherd's face we see so little, his back being turned, that we can only guess at its character or expression. But we have a full view of his broad, coarse, patched mantle; and this is certainly painted with force and truth. But the flock consist of rather dummy sheep, and the landscape is composed of sandy dunes with a few tufts or tussocks of sickly grass. Is this enough to constitute a picture, especially of this scale, even from the realistic point of view? We think not. Jules Breton or Millet might have redeemed the ugly, arid subject by infusing pathos into the figure; but this shepherd is but a scarecrow. That the painter has rather presumed on his powers here seems evident on noting the weakness of his smaller picture of "Hay-time."

DUDLEY GALLERY.

We regret to say we have not found space to review in detail the exhibition at this gallery of the Society lately formed there. We were agreeably surprised to find the present exhibition much superior to the last, and there is now no reason patent on the walls why "The Dudley" should not be as favourite a resort for buyers of water-colour drawings with not too profound pockets, as formerly. Artists of established position, such as Messrs. Brett, George Fripp, Basil Bradley, and Herbert Marshall, now aid the new departure, as well as a large number of rising men, some of whom, being more or less new to the public, lend a novel interest to the display. Among the prominent exhibitors, besides those named, we may

instance (following the order of the catalogue) B. McGuinness, E. Penstone, H. A. Harper, W. H. Wheeler, W. A. Ingram, Claude Hayes, W. Langley, J. M. Doune, J. Smart, H. Caffieri, W. Seven, C. St. John Mildmay, W. Foster, W. H. Wheeler, H. J. Johnstone, H. R. Steer, J. Varley, C. Robertson, C. B. Phillip, W. Bradley, A. W. Weedon, S. Vincent, G. P. B. Livingstone, R. W. Fraser, D. Law, E. S. Calvert, A. de Breanski, G. S. Walters, J. H. Henshall, and L. Zorn; and Anna Gardell-Ericson.

DRAWINGS BY DE WINT.

At Messrs. Vokins's gallery in Great Portland-street, a collection is on view of works by the famous water-colour painter, Peter De Wint, one of the most distinguished of the earlier members of the parent water-colour society. The intention in forming the collection was to commemorate the centenary of the artist's birth, and none could be in a better position to do this than the firm through whose hands many of the works shown passed. The powers of De Wint are adequately represented. On the whole, his reputation (which, judging by the test of the auction-room, had lately somewhat declined) should be benefited by the display. The flat, far-reaching distances of Lincolnshire were the favourite field of the painter's practice, and entirely congenial to his love of broad, simple, serene effects, and his command of wide, sweeping gradations. That firm grasp of the scene as a whole, that simple breadth of effect of the earlier painters of our school, both in oil and water colours—how it filled and satisfied the mind, and how rare are those qualities nowadays! As a colourist, however, De Wint was inclined to be a little heavy, and too fond of a conventional brown tone, as well as a little mannered in touch. A few of the drawings here, however, are richer in colour than any of his we remember to have seen. We have not space to mention all the fine works, and it might be invidious to make a selection, but we would recommend a visit to the exhibition to all lovers of genuine masculine art.

THE COURT.

Among the Queen's recent visitors have been Prince Henry of Prussia, with Baron von Seckendorff, who dined and passed a night at the Castle; other dinner guests upon the occasion having been the German Ambassador and Countess Marie Miinter, Earl and Countess Granville, Earl Sydney, and Sir Astley Cooper Key. The Duchess of Edinburgh came yesterday week to dinner, and passed the night; the guests invited to meet her being the Russian Ambassador and Madame Mohrenheim, the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington, the Italian Ambassador, the Earl and Countess of Kimberley, and the Earl of Kenmare. Last Saturday her Majesty received the gratifying intelligence of the victory of Sir G. Graham over the rebel forces near Trinkitat, and at once telegraphed her congratulations to Sir G. Graham through the General Commanding her forces in Egypt, as well as her expression of her sorrow at the loss of brave officers and men, and her anxious inquiries after the wounded. Divine service was performed on Sunday at the Castle by the Dean of Windsor and the Rev. Canon Fleming, the Queen and Princess Beatrice attending. Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein joined her Majesty at luncheon, and Lord Rowton arrived on a visit. Colonel Sir Howard Elphinstone and Lady Elphinstone came to dinner on Monday, Lord Rowton and the Dean of Windsor joining the Royal dinner circle. The guests left on Tuesday, and the Queen held a Council, at which were present Lord Carlingford, the Earl of Kenmare, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and the Right Hon. J. G. Dodson. Audiences were given to the Ministers, except Lord Kenmare, and her Majesty also pricked the list of sheriffs for England and Wales. M. Morel Ledueil, artist to Messrs. Elkington and Co., has submitted for her Majesty's inspection a repoussé silver plaque, the Wedding Scene from Shakespeare's play "Much Ado About Nothing," just completed by him.

The Queen (*Truth* says) will be accompanied to Germany by only a very limited suite—Sir Henry Ponsonby, an equerry, and a couple of ladies. Some of the great officers of the Household and a Lord and Lady in Waiting will go to Darmstadt to be in attendance on her Majesty at the wedding. It is reported that the Queen is to stay at Kranichstern, the picturesque country residence of the Grand Duke, in the woods, three miles out of the town, but nothing as yet appears to be settled.

The Prince of Wales has generally attended the Parliamentary sittings; and, accompanied by the Princess and Prince Henry of Prussia, he has inspected the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Grosvenor Gallery. His Royal Highness and the Princess, with their daughters, visited the recent London show of the English Cart-Horse Society at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The Prince and Princess were at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday evening. Divine service was attended by the Royal family on Sunday. The Princess presented a silver medal to the coxswain of the Moelfre (Wales) life-boat, and for additional service a clasp to the silver medal already possessed to the coxswain of the Clacton-on-Sea life-boat at Marlborough House on Monday, they being awards granted by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for distinguished and gallant conduct in saving life at sea. The Duchess of Edinburgh visited their Royal Highnesses, and the Prince dined with Lieut.-Colonel Olyphant and the officers of the Queen's Guard at their mess at St. James's Palace. His Royal Highness and the Princess went to Windsor on Tuesday and dined with the Queen, returning to town on Wednesday. Their Royal Highnesses have also dined with Lord Strathnairn, at his residence in Berkeley-square.

The Duchess of Edinburgh went to see Signor Salvini in King Lear at Covent Garden Theatre last Saturday.

The Earl of Carnarvon has accepted the office of High Steward of the borough of Newbury, which had become vacant by the death of the Earl of Craven.

The Marquis of Bute has offered a special prize of £100 for the best translation of one of the Greek plays into the Welsh language, the competition to take place at the forthcoming National Eisteddfod at Liverpool.

There were 2751 births and 1483 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 70, and the deaths 323, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 8 deaths from smallpox, 32 from measles, 22 from scarlet fever, 12 from diphtheria, 74 from whooping-cough, and 15 from dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 334 and 345 in the two preceding weeks, declined again last week to 334, and were 162 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths: 53 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 10 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, 1 of an adult male while under chloroform for an operation, and 14 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eight cases of suicide were registered.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE ROAD TO SINKAT—VIEW SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE COUNTRY.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



CHECKED IN MID-CAREER.
DRAWN BY S. BERKLEY.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The signal success Major-General Sir Gerald Graham achieved on Feb. 29 over a numerous and valiant Arab force near Trinkitat was not made the subject of comment in the House of Lords on Monday. Lord Salisbury contented himself with inquiring whether there was any foundation for the statement in the *Times* that orders had been given "to withdraw our troops from the littoral of the Red Sea." To which the noble Earl the Foreign Secretary replied by a direct negative. Lord Granville was in his element in disposing with light and graceful badinage of Lord Stratheden and Campbell's gravely mysterious question as to the origin of Mr. Gladstone's chance meeting with the Emperor of Russia at Copenhagen during his autumn sea trip. Answering Lord Waveney, the Foreign Secretary observed a discreet reticence with respect to "the precautions which the Executive are bound to take as to the perpetration of these dastardly outrages"—i.e., the depositing of dynamite alarms in railway cloak-rooms for destructive purposes. Apropos of these alarming discoveries in various metropolitan railway termini, surely there is ample justification for the friendly remonstrance which the Government are said to have addressed to the United States Executive against the license allowed in America to these ruthless dynamitards. In the name of Humanity, the New York journal, which openly preaches this dynamite creed, should be suppressed.

The new Speaker wisely held the reins lightly at starting; and it was exhilarating to note how the high-mettled bloods, so to speak, of the Opposition tossed their manes, and gave vent to neighs of liberty and defiance in the face of Ministers. For example. Ere Mr. Gladstone could, on the 28th ult., prevail upon the House for a minute or so to go into Committee to grant a pension of £4000 a year to Sir Henry Brand, the Speaker had to submit to a storm of objections against proceeding thereafter with the County Franchise Bill whilst (as Lord Randolph Churchill put it) "bloody battles are being carried on in the Soudan, our railway stations are flying in the air, and our cattle are dying by hundreds of thousands, and our expenditure is increasing by millions and millions." Yet, under the effective if not soothing influence of the oil the Treasury Bench is ever ready to cast upon the troubled waters of Parliament, the tempest subsided as quickly as it arose; and the Prime Minister was left to unfold the new franchise measure of the Government.

Mr. Gladstone's explanation of the County Franchise Bill on Feb. 28 was one of his masterpieces of copious exposition. The main features of the measure are that, with a view "in the main to enfranchise the county population," the household and lodger franchises as at present existing in the boroughs of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland be extended to the counties of the United Kingdom, Ireland included; that the "£10 clear yearly value franchise" be also granted in "cases where the occupation is of land without houses or buildings"; and that a new "service franchise" be created to give votes presumably to such persons as bank managers residing at a bank, and to duly qualified housekeepers or agents similarly situated. All these franchises it is proposed "to import into the counties precisely as they are in the boroughs"; whilst the £50 rental franchise in counties is to be abolished, and the £12 rating franchise to be reduced to £10. Mr. Gladstone said, "We leave the property vote alone, and confine ourselves to the endeavour to stop the extension of fictitious votes." By the changes suggested in the Ministerial measure about two million voters will be added to the three millions now represented in the House of Commons, and the State strengthened thereby, as the Premier claimed. Postponing the Redistribution question till next Session, Mr. Gladstone did not conceal his individual opinion that, whilst it should be "a large measure," he was "not personally at all favourable to what is called the system of electoral districts, or to the adoption of any pure population scale," as it would "involve a great deal of unnecessary displacement and disturbance of traditions." Nor would he "reduce the proportional share of representation accorded to Ireland." To give the north of England and Scotland their fair share of representatives, smaller boroughs in the south might be shorn of their seats; and it might be necessary to add to the total number of members, though the Premier did not favour the notion—and it may be added it would be very difficult to find room for the additional numbers, the present seating accommodation of the House being ridiculously inadequate, members being already put to great discomfort when there is anything like a full attendance.

The simple measure for the enfranchisement of two million householders in the counties is so just an instalment of a reform that even Mr. Goschen could only express qualified disapproval of it. While Mr. W. H. Smith questioned the prudence of lowering the franchise in Ireland, Mr. Parnell was, for him, cordial in his support of the bill, which was only formally opposed by Sir Stafford Northcote, and was on Monday read the first time. But on the morrow, Lord John Manners gave notice that on the motion for the second reading he would move, "That this House declines to proceed further with a measure having for its object the addition of 2,000,000 to the electoral body of the United Kingdom until the House has before it the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people."

The Opposition never tire of skirmishing with the Government on the Egyptian difficulty. Though the Marquis of Hartington on Monday afforded the House all the information in his power regarding the movements of the British troops at Trinkitat, expressing, in passing, the Government's appreciation of the military skill displayed by General Graham on the 29th ult., denying the truth of the report that our forces had been recalled from the Soudan, and adding that Egyptian troops had been dispatched from Cairo to Assouan, the livelier spirits of the Opposition and Sir Wilfrid Lawson were implacable. When Sir Wilfrid Lawson moved the adjournment, the Opposition (in high good-humour at the addition to the Conservative ranks of the radiant Mr. Marriott), rose almost to a man, only too delighted to join a Radical member in censuring the Government for the Soudan campaign. The pith of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's complaint was contained in the phrase he applied to the thousands slain at the Battle of Teb—"Butchered to make a Jingo holiday." What is your policy? incisively asked Sir Stafford Northcote in a spirited speech. With considerable animation Mr. Gladstone replied that General Graham had fought the recent battle for the defence of Souakim, and the relief of Tokar—declarations which elicited the derision of Lord Randolph Churchill (evidently strengthened and inspirited by the return of Mr. Gorst from India), rendering a solid answer from the Secretary of War necessary. The measure of sympathy with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's humanitarian motion may be gauged by the figures of the division—the negativing of the motion by a majority of 47—170 against 103 votes. Clearly, the Government will heave a sigh of relief, however, when they are released from their Egyptian bondage.

The Royal Commission on the housing of the poor having

been appointed, Mr. Arthur Balfour's resolution on Tuesday was rather superfluous. In a sympathetic and philanthropic speech, the hon. member moved that, with a view to provide means for the prompt building of healthy dwellings for artisans, "some relaxation should be made in the rules under which loans are at present granted by the Public Works Loan Commissioners." But Sir Charles Dilke had no difficulty in persuading the House to leave the entire consideration of this urgent matter to the Royal Commission, of which the right hon. Baronet is Chairman. The mastery and "grip" of the main facts of the case Sir Charles Dilke evinced, however, gave promise that this Royal Commission will not be barren of useful results.

Though Mr. Barry was on Wednesday unsuccessful in moving that the Irish Land Act Amendment Bill be read the second time—it was negatived by 235 against 72 votes: the large majority of 163—Mr. Trevelyan announced that soon after Easter Mr. Childers would define the proposals the Government had to make with regard to a land bank and the encouragement of peasant proprietorship.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

In spite of the wretched weather, there was a capital attendance at Croydon on Tuesday, the stands and paddock being well filled, whilst the outside public also mustered in large numbers. The heavy rain had naturally made the course somewhat heavy in places, though, on the whole, it afforded better "going" than might have been anticipated. The Croydon Hunters' Hurdle-Race was rendered additionally interesting by the appearance of Valjean (12 st. 11 lb.), who has been backed now and again for the Grand National. His performance, however, was not very reassuring to his supporters for the great event, as Captain (11 st. 9 lb.) fairly ran away from him, and he only finished in front of Azuline (12 st. 11 lb.) on sufferance. The Irish division took the Qualifying Steeplechase with Kathleen; and then eleven numbers were hoisted for the Grand International Hurdle-Race. Sachem (12 st. 5 lb.) could only just maintain his position as favourite in face of the strong support given to Sibyl (12 st. 7 lb.) and Scales (10 st. 7 lb.), whilst Chichester (12 st. 1 lb.) had also plenty of friends. The pace was not very strong during the early part of the race, in which Eatonian (10 st. 1 lb.) showed very prominently; indeed, he was right in front until half a mile from home. When he dropped back, Freney (10 st. 1 lb.) took up the running, but was soon passed by Sachem, who looked to be winning easily until Chicard (10 st. 3 lb.), the outsider of the party, shot up to him as they ascended the hill, and, soon having him in trouble, won easily by half a dozen lengths; Freney finished third, and most of the others walked past the post. Though the state of the ground was all against heavy weights, Lord Chancellor (12 st. 7 lb.) was backed down to 7 to 4 for the Stewards' Steeplechase, but tired to nothing in ascending the hill, and left School Girl (10 st.) to beat General Struthers (10 st. 5 lb.), after a pretty finish. On Wednesday the United Kingdom Steeplechase, once such an important affair, collapsed utterly, Eau de Vie walking over for the forfeits; and the remaining events were of minor importance.

The National Cross-Country Championship was decided at Four Oaks Park last Saturday, when the Moseley Harriers had little difficulty in retaining their position as the leading paper-chase club. The Birchfield Harriers were second, and the South London—for whom Foreman did not run—third; neither of the other two clubs being in the hunt. As a matter of course, W. G. George came in an easy first, his full time being 64 min. 47 sec. for about 10½ miles, a great part of it being over a stiff country.

The American Billiard Tournament at the Royal Aquarium, which was finished on Saturday last, has resulted in the victory of G. Collins, who won six games out of seven, W. Cook coming second with five successes. The latter played exceedingly well throughout, as did Joseph Bennett; and W. J. Peall showed marked improvement. Roberts's provincial tour is proving decidedly successful, and some very large breaks have been put together. On Monday last Roberts himself won his heat with Taylor in his first break, which was one of 624. A tournament at the Agricultural Hall, promoted by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, in which Cook, Joseph Bennett, and other well-known players, will take part, is in course of decision.

On Monday afternoon, Wallace Ross, of Brunswick, and George Bubear, of Putney, will scull over the championship course for £400, the latter being in receipt of a start of ten seconds. The betting is at present 5 to 4 on Bubear, and we fancy that the well-known American sculler has made a bad match.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia and the members of the Imperial family left St. Petersburg on Monday evening for the Palace of Gatchina.

The Belgian Minister of Finance has presented to the Chamber the Budget for 1885. The deficit is 3,540,000f., but this will probably be covered by an excess in the receipts.

The second number of Heath's "Fern Portfolio" contains a facsimile of the Broad Buckler Fern (*Lastrea dilatata*), with a page of descriptive letterpress.

A Parliamentary paper shows that the total amount of the National Debt in 1883 was £758,180,936, and the net balance £719,463,828, being the lowest amounts for several years.

The Court of Assistants of the Grocers' Company have voted £100 in aid of the funds of the Additional Curates Society; £100 to the Home for Working Boys in London; £20 to the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution; and £10 10s. in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association.

The appointment of the Royal Commission to inquire into the housing of the working classes was published in Tuesday's *Gazette*. It is constituted as follows:—Sir Charles W. Dilke, President of the Local Government Board, chairman; the Prince of Wales, Archbishop Manning, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Brownlow, Lord Carrington, Mr. Goschen, M.P., Sir R. A. Cross, M.P., the Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., Mr. Torrens, M.P., Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Mr. George Godwin, and Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P. Mr. John Edward Courtenay Bodley is to be secretary to the Commission.

Mr. Chaplin, M.P., presided on Monday at a meeting of the General Committee of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, on cattle diseases, when a report was adopted which reviewed the position of cattle diseases legislation for the present Session, and expressed an opinion in favour of the Duke of Richmond's Bill.—Mr. Chaplin presided again on Tuesday, when a resolution, moved by Sir B. Leighton, M.P., was carried unanimously, asserting the great injustice of the present incidence of local taxation for national purposes upon one description of property.—The Council of the Royal Counties' Agricultural Society have accepted the invitation from Southampton, and resolved to hold their annual meeting and exhibition for 1885 in that town.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 4.

The miners of the Lille district have determined to continue their resistance to the diminution of salary proposed by the Anzin Company, and the Paris revolutionaries are organising a subscription to enable the miners to hold out. On Sunday the usual number of Anarchist meetings was held in Paris, and the usual threats of fire and bloodshed were uttered by the usual orators. A superficial examination might lead one to think that matters in France look grave, and M. de Cassagnac will tell you that a Frenchman travelling abroad nowadays is ashamed to hold up his head because his country is disgraced by the Republic. In point of fact, compared with the other countries of Europe, France is exceptionally happy and far from unprosperous, and, in spite of the Anarchists, she has not yet entered upon the reign of dynamite terror.

Considerable attention is being attracted by a sort of appeal to the reason of France, just published under the title of "La Vérité Catholique et la Paix Religieuse," by Mgr. Maret, the venerable Dean of the Faculty of Theology of Paris. The author says: "Being the most logical form of a sovereign democracy, the Republic cannot of itself raise any opposition on the part of a true Catholic who is not inspired by party passions." Elsewhere he protests against intemperate zeal and violent polemics that have too often troubled the peace of the sanctuary and scandalised the public; admits the right of the State to inquire into the status of the religious congregations, and advises the clergy strongly not to feel or show hostility to modern institutions, but to be the most respectful and submissive of citizens. The fate of the Third Republic, says Mgr. Maret, is in the hands of the clergy; and, whatever happens, the hand of the clergy must not be found in its ruin, if ruin there be. "This ideal of Republic will always be a mirage for a great part of the French people, and, if this form succumbed to-day, its partisans would try to restore it to-morrow. Let the clergy be thoroughly convinced that the remedy for the evil that is ravaging our society is not in political forms, or itself political. Everything that favours the reign of light, of justice, of charity, of peace; everything that contributes to the conciliation of science with faith, of liberty with religion, ought to be the object of the aspirations of the clergy." Coming from the mouth of Mgr. Maret, this liberal language will certainly not be without influence.

The Chamber has been principally occupied during the past week with the discussion of M. Paul Bert's bill on primary instruction. One of the most important articles of this law, ordering the immediate laicisation of the teachers, was combated by the Cabinet, which demanded a delay of five or six years. The voting showed 224 for the Ministry and 239 against it. This little defeat had no ulterior consequences. M. Bert's bill, if passed, would have the effect of augmenting the Budget by 39 millions a year, which is more than the finances of France can endure in their actual state.

As an instance of the singular ignorance of the French as regards matters outside their own country, it may be mentioned that in the Chamber yesterday a deputy, M. Barodet, a man of enlightenment and intelligence, in the opinion of his electors, spoke on two occasions of *Lord Gladstone*.

Of picture exhibitions there is no end. The latest additions to the list are the exhibition of the works of the lady artists in the Palais de l'Industrie, and of a series of pictures of Dalmatian and Venetian scenes by M. J. d'Alheim, who is to submit his interesting work to the Londoners this spring.—Marah, Queen of Tahiti, is now visiting Paris. She travels as Mrs. Salmon, is of semi-American origin, and utterly lacking in the traditional charms of exotic royalty. She paid to-day an unofficial visit to M. Grévy, at the Palace of the Elysées.—Prince Krapotkin, at present imprisoned at Clairvaux, is so ill that the Government has been prevailed upon to send him to the south.—Auguste Bonheur, the painter, sister of Rosa Bonheur, died last week, at the age of sixty.—The Parliamentary Commission that is now inquiring into the causes of the present industrial crisis continues to receive the same complaints of foreign competition and the inequality of taxation on home and foreign products. Even the printers talk of the stagnation of business. The newspapers, they admit, are numerous, but the more numerous they become the smaller becomes the circulation of each.—The spring fashions are to be bright-coloured materials of wool or silk, gay with flowers of all kinds, and of small size. The newest material is a taffetas glacé with changing reflections. For hat trimmings, and even for the materials of hats, gold is to be the fashion, gold netting, gold embroidery, gold brocade, and gold butterflies and other insects, which will be fixed amongst the flowers and ribbons.

T. C.

On Monday the Emperor William entertained at dinner the War Minister and a small party of Generals and higher officers. The new Session of the Reichstag was opened on Thursday in the White Saloon of the Castle.

The sentence passed by the Norwegian Rigsret upon M. Selmer, Minister of State, has been referred by Royal order to the Department of Justice.

Sir S. L. Tilley, Minister of Finance for Canada, stated last week in the Dominion House of Commons that while the credit and financial condition of the Dominion was never better, the state of trade was unsatisfactory owing to the prevailing depression, which he attributed to the decline in the exports of lumber and to over importation. Yesterday week Sir S. L. Tilley said he expected the receipts for the current fiscal year to amount to 32,200,000 dols., and the expenditure to 31,200,000 dols. He estimates the revenue for 1884-5 at 32,000,000 dols., and the expenditure at 30,611,000 dols. There would also be expenses in connection with the extension of the Canadian railway system, and the interest upon the money so expended would therefore also have to be taken into account. The Minister further announced numerous proposed changes in the tariff. The House has passed, on the third reading, the Canadian Pacific Railway 22,500,000 dols. Loan Bill. It will now pass finally. In Monday's sitting of the Senate the bill was read the second time. The subsidy which it is understood the Cabinet Council has agreed to grant to Manitoba in aid of the construction of a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay is in the form of a grant of 12,000 acres per mile. A bill has been introduced in the House of Commons providing for the representation of the North-West Territories in the Dominion Parliament.

Mr. W. A. G. Young, now Lieutenant-Governor of British Guiana, has been appointed to act for a time as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast Colony.

The Calcutta Exhibition will be closed on the 10th inst. The Marquis of Ripon leaves Calcutta for Simla on the 15th.

Mr. John Wisker, the distinguished English champion of chess, at Richmond, near Melbourne, died on Jan. 18. Some particulars of the deceased gentleman will be given in our Chess column next week.

INCUBATORS FOR INFANTS.

On the Boulevard Port-Royal, Paris, in the neighbourhood of the Observatory, surrounded by a tall grey stonewall that bears the marks of age, stands the old convent founded by Angélique Arnaud in 1625, a picturesque agglomeration of buildings with spacious courtyards and cloisters and gardens. Over the doorway hangs a dirty tricolour flag, while the inscriptions "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," and "Maisond'Accouplement," indicate that the convent, so memorable in the intellectual history of France, has had its destination changed. The convent of Port-Royal is now the great lying-in hospital of Paris, commonly known by the name of "La Maternité," the refuge of unfortunate mothers. The cells where the nuns used to live and meditate are now occupied by austere hospital beds; the old gardens have become the recreation ground of the student midwives, whose youthful looks and neat uniform throw note of gaiety over the vast and naked-looking wards; and the pious superior has been replaced by a man of science, the eminent obstetrician, Professor Tarnier. In visiting "La Maternité," with the literary souvenirs of Port-Royal fresh in one's mind, one is struck by all these contrasts; but when one is ascending a fine old Louis XIV. staircase, one is hardly prepared to be invited to inspect, in the first ward on the right, M. Tarnier's new "Cuvette pour Enfants." An incubator for children! What does that mean? Do they hatch children, nowadays, like eggs?

In the accompanying illustration the reader will find a representation of these incubators, which have been employed with great success at "La Maternité" since 1881, and which are now being introduced into the other Paris hospitals. Science has long been preoccupied with the question of the treatment of feeble, and especially of prematurely born, children. M. Tarnier's incubator is the latest contribution to the solution of the problem. One of these incubators employed at "La Maternité," the one on the old model, is composed of a wooden box, the sides of which are about 4 or 4½ inches thick, hollow, and filled with sawdust for the sake of insulation. This box, resting on a stand 3 ft. high, is 27 inches broad and 31 inches deep; it is divided into two compartments by a central partition. In the upper compartment is placed the infant, and in the lower one a metal reservoir, containing about 15 gallons of hot water. To this reservoir is fitted a thermo-syphon, by means of which the water may be heated with gas, spirits of wine, or a petroleum lamp; and between the reservoir and the inclosing box a space is left for the circulation of the air, which enters at the bottom of the box, rises as it becomes heated, and escapes through orifices in the lid of the box, which is fitted with a pane of glass. The upper compartment has, besides the movable glass lid, a lateral door, through which to slide the cradle in and out; and it is separated from the lower compartment by a board pieced with holes, through which the warm air penetrates. The temperature of the upper compartment thus heated is maintained at about 89½ deg. Fahrenheit. At the Lariboisière hospital 93 deg. Fahrenheit are taken as the standard; but this question of the temperature to be preferred has not yet been definitely settled. As regards the means of heating the incubator, gas is employed at the Hôpital de la Charité, and an electrical alarm-bell attached to a Regnard regulator rings when the temperature rises beyond a certain point.

The second model of incubator employed by M. Tarnier, and also represented in our illustration, is much simpler and cheaper, and less bulky. It consists simply of a wooden box 25 in. long, 14 in. broad, and 20 in. high, outside measurement. The wood is one inch thick, and may be coated with felt or padded inside. This box is divided into two parts by a board, some 4 in. shorter than the box, and placed at a height of 6 in. from the bottom. In the lower compartment are two lateral openings fitted with sliding doors; one, which can never be completely closed, gives passage to the air; the other is for the introduction of the stone bottles containing hot water, called in Paris *moines*, which are employed to heat the apparatus. The upper compartment, covered by a closely-fitted glass lid, receives the infant, and at one end is an orifice, furnished with a chimney and a revolving ventilator, through which the air escapes. In the opening that separates the two compartments is hung a thermometer with a wet sponge to moisten the air. The air enters at the bottom, passes over the bottles of hot water, rises into the upper compartment, passes over the whole length of the infant, and so out at the orifice at the end. The hot-water bottles hold each somewhat above a pint, and five of them may be placed in the incubator, but it is generally found that four suffice to maintain a temperature of 88 deg. to 89½ deg. Fahrenheit, the temperature of the room being 62 deg. to 66 deg. The heating is continued by changing one of the bottles about every two hours, and with this system there is no danger of over-heating. This incubator is so simple that any village carpenter can make it, and cheap enough to be within the means of all but the most destitute. The infants placed in incubators at "La Maternité," if they are strong enough, are fed by nurses, or else with asses' milk, administered with a spoon, the feeding-bottle being prohibited in this establishment. The operations of feeding, washing, and dressing the infants placed in incubators are performed in the room at the ordinary temperature of 62 deg. to 66 deg., for the infants do not appear to be any more sensitive than other infants, and exposure to the air for a short period does them no harm. The infant in the incubator is dressed in ordinary swaddling clothes. The results obtained at "La Maternité" by the employment of incubators have been very satisfactory.

THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRACY.

In consequence of the explosion at Victoria Station on Tuesday morning last week, inquiries were set on foot, leading to the discovery of infernal machines in bags deposited in the cloak-rooms at Charing-cross and Paddington stations. They were fitted with clock-work machinery, and each contained about 20 lb. of dynamite, of American manufacture. In one case the fuse failed to explode; in the other the clock-work had stopped prematurely. Another bag containing dynamite and an infernal machine was found last Saturday in the cloak-room of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway at Ludgate-hill. Careful examination of the luggage deposited at the other railway-stations has been made, but no other such parcels have been found.

The Government have decided to offer £1000 reward for such information as shall lead to the arrest of the persons responsible for the explosion at Victoria Station and the attempts to blow up the other stations. The railway companies offer a reward of equal amount. It is hoped that the police have obtained some clue to the conspirators.

Resolutions declaring the services of Lieutenant Waghorn, the pioneer and founder of the overland route to the East, worthy of recognition by his countrymen, and approving of the movement for the erection of a national memorial at Chatham, were unanimously passed at a meeting held on Monday in the Mansion House.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

The Right Hon. John William Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbroke and Baron Montagu, in the Peerage of England, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Huntingdonshire, Hon. Colonel of the Militia, and High Steward of Huntingdon, died on the 3rd inst. His Lordship was born Nov. 8, 1811, the only son of George John, sixth Earl, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of Armar, first Earl Belmore; and succeeded to the family honours, at the death of his father, in 1818. He married, first, Sept. 6, 1838, Lady Mary Paget, daughter of Henry William, first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G.; and secondly, Dec. 27, 1865, Lady Blanche Egerton, daughter of Francis, Earl of Ellesmere. By the former (who died in 1859) he leaves, with other issue, a son and successor, Edward George Henry, Viscount Hinchingbroke, now eighth Earl of Sandwich, born July 13, 1839, Colonel Grenadier Guards, and M.P. for Huntingdon since 1876. The Earl whose death we record was appointed Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, sworn of the Privy Council in 1852, and in 1858 made Master of the Buckhounds. He resigned in 1859. The noble House of Sandwich was founded by a cadet of the Montagus, Earls of Manchester, Admiral Sir Edward Montagu, raised to the Peerage in 1660.

SIR J. J. R. MACKENZIE, BART.

Sir James John Randall Mackenzie, sixth Baronet, of Scatwell, Ross-shire, J.P. and D.L., died at Verrières on the 28th ult. He was born June 20, 1814, the son of Sir James Wemyss Mackenzie, fifth Baronet, Lord Lieutenant and M.P. for Ross-shire; was educated at Westminster, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and succeeded to the title at his father's decease in 1843. He married twice—first, in 1838, Lady Anne Wentworth Fitzwilliam, daughter of the fifth Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G., which lady died in 1879; and secondly, in that year, Mary Anne, daughter of Mr. James MacNiel, of Liverpool. He has died without issue, and is succeeded by his cousin, now Sir James Dixon Mackenzie, seventh Baronet, of Scatwell, born in 1830, who resides at Mountgerald House, Dingwall, is married, and has issue.

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS MILNER GIBSON.

The Right Hon. Thomas Milner-Gibson, P.C., of Theberton House, Suffolk, J.P. and D.L., died on the 25th ult., on board his yacht Resolute, at Algiers. This distinguished statesman was born in Trinidad, in 1807, the only son of Major Thomas Gibson, 37th Regiment, by Isabella, his wife, only daughter of Mr. H. Glover, of Chester. He received his education at the Charterhouse, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as a Wrangler in 1830. He entered Parliament, as a Conservative, in 1837, as member for Ipswich, but in 1839, having adopted Liberal opinions, he resigned his seat. He stood again, but was defeated, and remained excluded from Parliamentary life until 1841, when he was elected for Manchester. He had devoted his energy and abilities to the great question of the abolition of the Corn Laws, and was the fellow-labourer with Cobden and Bright in the great Free Trade struggle. In 1846, on the formation of the Russell Ministry, he became Vice-President of the Board of Trade; in 1859, President of the Poor Law Board for a short time; and in the same year until 1866, President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet. In 1857 he lost the representation of Manchester, but shortly after was returned for Ashton-under-Lyne, for which he continued to sit until 1868. For thirty years he filled a foremost place in the political arena. He was, as already stated, a leading and persevering advocate of Free Trade, and he has left, besides, an honoured remembrance of the great services he rendered to the cause of cheap literature and the diffusion of untaxed knowledge among the poorer classes. Mr. Milner Gibson married, in 1832, Arethusa Susanna, only child of the Rev. Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, eighth Baronet, and leaves issue. A Portrait of Mr. Milner Gibson is given on another page, from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street.

THE HON. W. O. STANLEY.

The Hon. William Owen Stanley, F.S.A., of Penrhos, Anglesey, Lord Lieutenant of that county, formerly M.P. and Captain Grenadier of Guards, died on the 24th ult. He was born Nov. 13, 1802, the second son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, seventh Baronet, of Alderley (raised to the Peerage in 1839), by Lady Maria Josepha Holroyd, his wife, and was first cousin of the late Dean Stanley. He received his education at Eton and in Germany, and in 1822 entered the Army, retiring with the rank of Captain in 1830. In 1837 he was elected M.P. for Anglesey, for Chester in 1850, and in 1857 for Beaumaris. In politics, he was a staunch Liberal. He married, Feb. 14, 1832, Ellen, youngest daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., of Bodelwyddan, but was left a widower, without issue, in 1876.

SIR A. WOODIWISS.

Sir Abraham Woodiwiss, Knt., of The Pastures, Derby, J.P., died on the 24th ult. at Mentone. He was son of George Woodiwiss, stone merchant, of Duffield, by Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Mr. James Bunting, of Derby, and was married to Emma, daughter of Mr. Newton Wright, of Crich. Raising himself to wealth and position by railway and other contracts, he became Mayor of Derby in 1881-2. The Royal Agricultural Show and the Church Congress were held in that town during his tenure of office; and so great were the munificence and public spirit of the Mayor that he was knighted.

SIR C. SLADEN.

Sir Charles Sladen, K.C.M.G., whose death is announced, was a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, and one of the most eminent of the politicians of that colony. He was born in 1816, the second son of Mr. John Baker Sladen, of Ripple Court, Kent, J.P. and D.L., by Etheldreda, his wife, daughter and coheiress of Mr. K. B. St. Barbe, and after being educated at Shrewsbury and Cambridge, emigrated to Port Philip in 1842. For twelve years he practised as an attorney at Geelong, and on his retirement entered on the public career, in which he gained honour and esteem. In 1855 he became Colonial Secretary, and remained such until 1857, when the

O'Shanassy Ministry was formed. At the next general election he lost his seat for Geelong, but in 1864 was chosen a member of the Legislative Council for the western province, and in 1863 undertook to form a Ministry on the resignation of M'Culloch. The effort was, however, futile. Thenceforward he continued, out of office, to be the leader of the Upper House. In 1870 he received the decoration of C.M.G., and in 1875 that of K.C.M.G. Sir Charles married, in 1840, Miss Harriet Amelia Orton.

DR. TODHUNTER.

Isaac Todhunter, Doctor in Science, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his time, died on the 1st inst., aged sixty-four. He graduated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1818, when he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman. His numerous mathematical treatises are recognised as standard works in the Universities and public schools; and his "Account of the Writings of William Whewell, D.D." was much appreciated. He married a daughter of the late Admiral Davies, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles Plowden, the banker, of Rome, on the 28th ult., aged seventy-nine. He was a cadet of the very ancient Shropshire family, Plowden, of Plowden.

Mr. Charles Bagnall, of Snaeton Castle, Yorkshire, J.P., formerly, from 1865 to 1868, M.P., in the Conservative interest, for Whitby, on the 25th ult., aged fifty-six; son of Mr. Thomas Bagnall, of Newberries, Herts. He married, in 1860, Harriet Curtis, second daughter of Mr. John Chapman, of Whitby, and leaves issue.

Captain Francis Grant-Suttie, R.N., second son of the late Sir George Grant-Suttie, fifth Baronet, of Balgone, by Lady Harriet, his wife, daughter of Francis, seventh Earl of Wemyss, on the 28th ult., aged fifty-two. He served in the Crimean War as Acting-Lieutenant in the Bellerophon, and had the Crimean and Turkish Medals, and the Fifth Class of the Medjidié.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL AND UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be OPENED on St. George's Day, APRIL 23, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months.

Prospectuses, Entry Forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents.

The arrangements for the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 23, Charlotte-street, W.C.

GEORGE COLLINS LEVY, Executive Commissioner, 19 and 21, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C.

G. GORDON CLEATHER, Manager, Crystal Palace, S.E.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.—The THIRD ANNUAL SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION will be held at the AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, on MARCH 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, 1884.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION.—Under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Grafton, His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., M.F.H., his Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G., M.F.H., his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, P.C., his Grace the Duke of Montrouge, K.T., his Grace the Duke of Athole, his Grace the Duke of Portland, his Grace the Duke of Manchester, K.T., his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, K.G., his Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G., and many other distinguished noblemen and gentlemen.

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THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION Closes SATURDAY, MARCH 15. Admission, One Shilling. Manager: JOHN H. RAFFET, Agricultural Hall; Secretary: HARRY ETHERINGTON, 152, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

MALVERN COLLEGE (Ltd.). Head Master, REV. G. T. CRUTTWELL, M.A. Next Term commences Friday, May 2. New Boys to arrive May 1. Entrance Examination May 2, at Nine a.m. Apply to E. B. SCALLON, Esq., M.A., Secretary.

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Note.—The Offices of the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY have recently been removed from 101 to 88, Cannon-street. A. BEGG, G. E. Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway.

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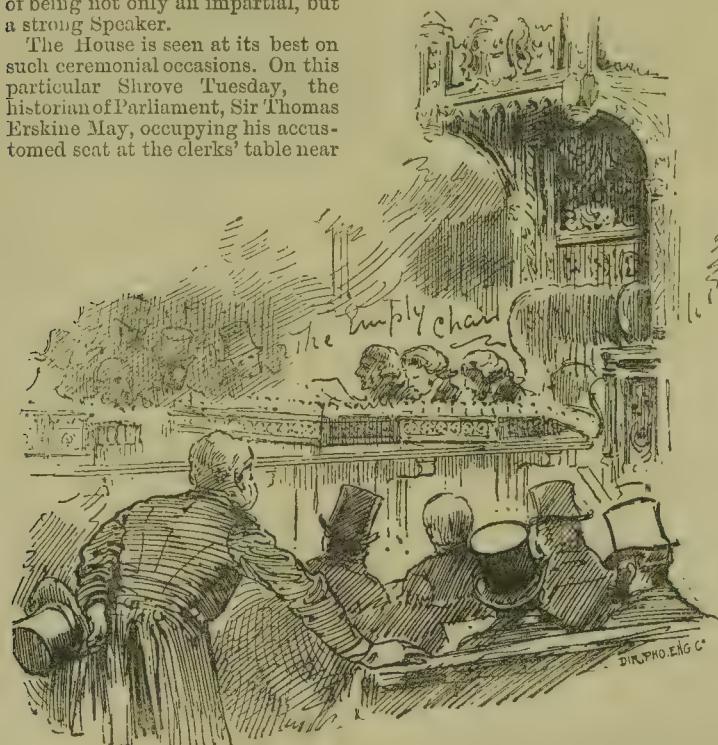


"INCUBATORS" AT THE MATERNITY HOSPITAL, PORT ROYAL, PARIS.

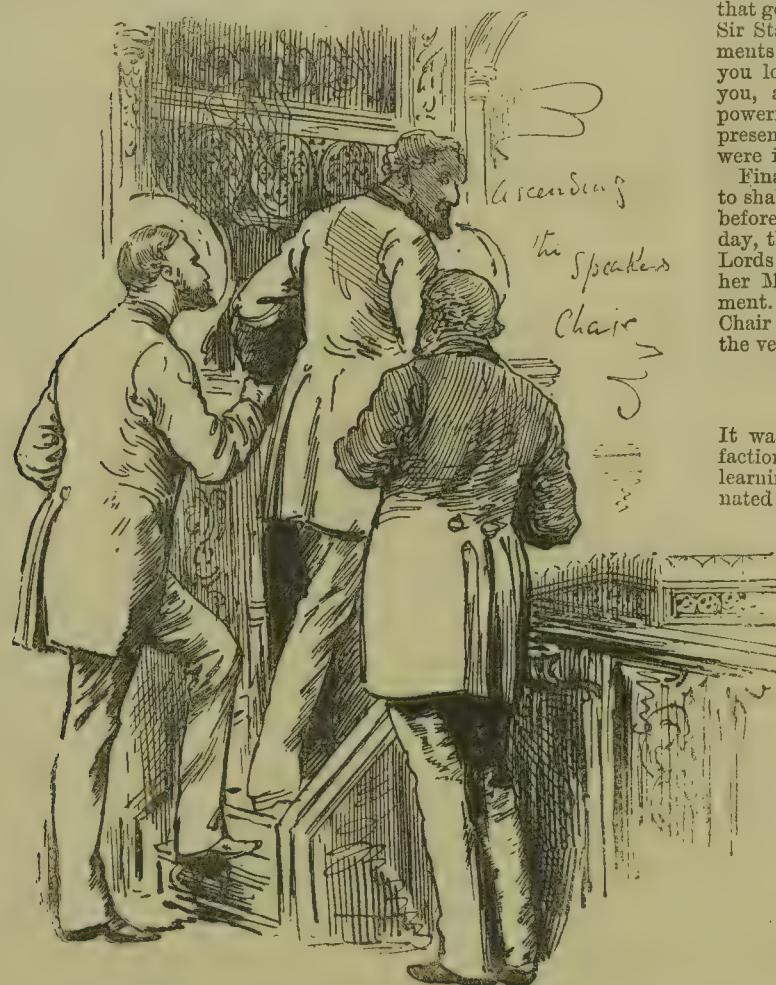
SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AT THE ELECTION OF A NEW SPEAKER.

The ceremony of electing Mr. Arthur Peel as successor to Sir Henry Brand, on Tuesday, Feb. 26, was a remarkable event, inasmuch as the new Speaker of the House of Commons astonished those unacquainted with his native (and hitherto somewhat hidden) force and ability by a speech of rare power and eloquence. Mr. Peel, in a word, quite rose to the occasion; and gave the fairest promise of being not only an impartial, but a strong Speaker.

The House is seen at its best on such ceremonial occasions. On this particular Shrove Tuesday, the historian of Parliament, Sir Thomas Erskine May, occupying his accustomed seat at the clerks' table near



the "Empty Chair," presided at the outset, and nodded to the Prime Minister to commence the proceedings. Very briefly did Mr. Gladstone state that it was her Majesty's pleasure the House should choose a successor to Sir Henry Brand. Well may



it have been a novel sensation to many to find that the Premier actually could be terse if he liked.

One of the most highly esteemed members of the House, and himself possessing every qualification to fill the Chair with credit and dignity, Mr. Whitbread was the right man in the right place as the proposer of Mr. Arthur Peel. But when Mr. Whitbread concluded his luminous speech by saying, in earnest tones, "I think he will be able to uphold the dignity and honour of this House and to maintain our privileges intact, from whatever quarter they may be attacked, and that he will show himself a worthy inheritor of a proud Parliamentary name, and an able successor of many illustrious men who have filled that Chair before him," few hon. members could have imagined that in a few minutes the House generally would be won to the same hopeful opinion by the address of Mr. Peel.

Mr. Rathbone having seconded the motion of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Arthur Peel rose from his seat behind the Treasury bench to signify his readiness to accept the honour offered him, and to thank the hon. members for Bedford and Carnarvonshire for the terms in which they had spoken of him. With modesty and manliness did Mr. Peel refer to his indebtedness "for the favour which the House has thus far shown me, to the fact that I am the son of a statesman whose history and whose labour are identified with the story and with the debates of this House, whose public services are indelibly written in the records of his country, and whose name is warmly cherished in a multitude of British homes." He then with admirably good taste alluded to the merits of his urban-

predecessor; and acknowledged the impossibility of performing the exacting duties of the responsible office to the satisfaction of the House without its co-operation and support. Mr. Peel was rewarded with an outburst of loud and hearty cheering when he added, "Humbly trusting in that support, I shall endeavour to maintain intact the privileges of this House, and to maintain the Rules and Orders of this House—not only the written law, but that unwritten law which should appeal to, and always be present in, the minds and consciences of gentlemen of the House of Commons (Cheers). If I have that support, I trust I may be permitted not only to carry out the formal Rules, but to enforce that unwritten law (hear, hear), and to promote and hand on unimpaired—as it has been handed down by those who have preceded the late Speaker, and now to those who shall succeed—the traditions of this House; and one above all, its most cherished and inestimable tradition, that personal courtesy, that interchange of chivalry between member and member which I believe to be compatible with the most effective party feeling (Loud cheers). This, I am sure, is one of the oldest, and I humbly trust may always be the most cherished, tradition of this great Assembly" (Renewed cheers).

It was with the unanimous assent of the House that Mr. Peel was appointed Speaker. Escorted by his Mover and Seconder to the Chair, Mr. Peel was about to return thanks when irrepressible egotism personified by Mr. O'Donnell intervened. But Mr. O'Donnell's attempt to make an inopportune speech was in vain for the moment; and it appeared from what fell from him later that he only desired to put in a plea for the toleration of minorities. The new Speaker having in a few apt words thanked the House for the honour paid him, Captain Gosset, the venerable Serjeant-at-Arms, placed the Mace on the table; and Mr. Peel formally took his seat as Speaker, cordially cheered by both sides of the House.

Mr. Gladstone, in congratulating Mr. Peel on the honour he had attained, naturally made allusion to the illustrious parentage of the new Speaker, saying, "It affords me no common gratification to witness and to assist in the elevation to so high a position of the son of the man whose follower I have been, and for whose name and character down to this late hour of my life I retain an unbroken and undiminished veneration." With that good feeling which eminently characterises him, Sir Stafford Northcote cordially echoed the sentiments of the Premier, and added, "We have known you long, and we have learnt to honour and respect you, and I may add that in the eloquent and powerful words you have addressed to us on the present occasion we find additional confirmation, were it necessary, of your personal character."

Finally, Mr. Peel held an informal levée, having to shake hands with most of the members present before he could leave the Chair. On Ash Wednesday, the new Speaker was called to the House of Lords to hear from the lips of the Lord Chancellor her Majesty's gracious approval of his appointment. By his firm and judicious conduct in the Chair since, the right hon. gentleman bids fair to be the very Speaker that was needed at this juncture.

THE NEW BISHOPS.

It was recently announced, to the general satisfaction of English Churchmen, and of friends of learning and scholarship, that the Crown had nominated to the episcopal see of Chester, vacant by the resignation of Bishop Jacobson, the Rev. Dr. Stubbs, Canon of St. Paul's and Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; and to the new see of Southwell (Nottingham and Derby), the Rev. Dr. Riddings, Head Master of Winchester College.

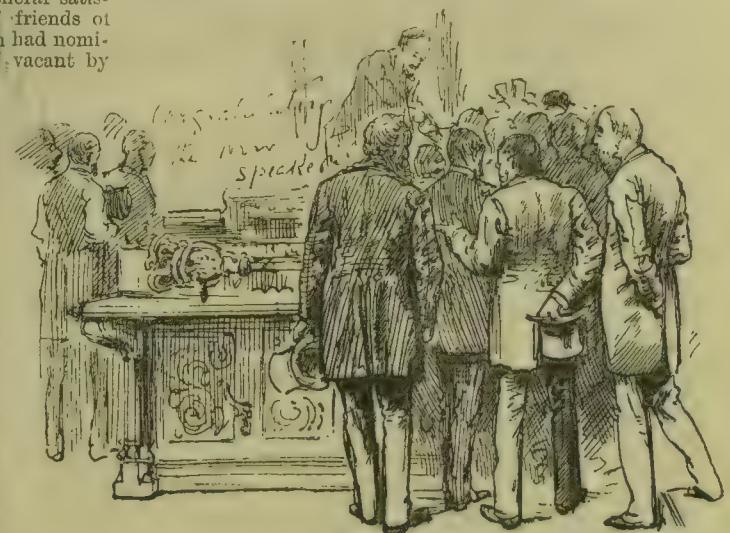
The Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., was born in 1825, and was educated at Ripon School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1848, taking a first-class in classics and a third in mathematics. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, but at a later period took a Fellowship at Oriel. He was subsequently elected an honorary Fellow of Balliol, and honorary Student of Christ Church. Soon after he had taken priest's orders, in 1850, he was presented by Trinity College to the benefice of Navestock, near Romford, Essex; in 1866 he succeeded Mr. Goldwin Smith as Regius Professor of Modern



History at Oxford, and in 1869 he succeeded Professor Conington as Curator of the Bodleian Library. In 1875 he was presented by Oriel College to the Rectory of Cholderton, near Salisbury, which he held until 1879, when, upon the preferment of Dr. Lightfoot to the See of Durham, he was nominated to a canonry of St. Paul's. In 1879 Dr. Stubbs received the degree of D.D. from his own University, and he is an honorary LL.D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh. He is author of the "Constitutional History of England," and of other valuable historical works.

The Right Rev. George Riddings, D.D., was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. (first-class Lit. Human., and Craven Scholarship) in 1851. He was a Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College from 1852 to 1864, was Junior Proctor of the University in 1861-2, and Second Master of Winchester College from 1864 to 1868, when he was appointed to the Head Mastership. He obtained the degree of D.D. in 1869.

The Right Rev. William Bennet Chester, D.D., the new Bishop of Killaloe, Clonfert, and Kilmacduagh, who was elected on the 16th ult. by the almost unanimous vote of the clergy and by more than two thirds of the laity of the united dioceses, is a son of the late Rev. John Chester, M.A., Rector of Ballyclough, diocese of Cloyne, county Cork, and was born



in the year 1820. He was educated at Ennis College, and subsequently at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1846, M.A. in 1856, and B.D. at the last winter commencement. During his college career he obtained four first Vice-Chancellor's prizes, the silver medal of the College Historical Society, and other distinctions. The new Bishop has never served outside his own diocese, having been ordained in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, for the Curacy of Kilrush. He was afterwards Vicar of Killard, Rector of Kilkee, Rector of Ballymackey, and Rector of Nenagh. Bishop Chester is the author of several volumes of prize poems and sermons. He was Archdeacon of Killaloe, Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, Diocesan Nominator for Killaloe, Member of the Diocesan Council, Diocesan Treasurer, Rural Dean, Chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant, and Rector of Parsonstown, King's County.

Our Portrait of the new Bishop of Chester is from a photograph by Messrs. Hill and Saunders, of Oxford and Cambridge; that of the Bishop of Southwell, from one by Schemboche, of Rome and Florence; and that of the Bishop of Killaloe from one by Mr. Guy, of Patrick-street, Cork.



A meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute took place on Monday evening, when a paper was read by Mr. W. P. James on "The Unphilosophical Nature of certain Aspects of Modern Thought." It was announced that 142 members had joined the institute during the past twelve months.

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DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"Peter," said Mr. Garnsey, "I am going to hand you over to a new master."

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

GORMAN MUIR reached Ardlaw he found his father waiting for him outside the front gate.

"You're late home?" he said, using the words rather in the form of a question than an assertion.

"Yes," answered the younger man, getting off his horse and passing his arm through the bridle as he and his father paced up the hill, where the branches bent low over their heads, to the back entrance. "I have been to Beechfield. I wanted to ask Mr. Garnsey something, and he made me stay to dinner."

"It's just as well you weren't back sooner. The house is quiet now, what it hasn't been all the afternoon. The clergy may talk about the poor demented creature that once upon a time lay among

the graves; but if they'd seen Bell a while back they'd have known something about evil spirits taking possession of a woman supposed to be in her right mind. She has been fairly raving. I never heard the like before in all my life."

"What was wrong with her?"

"According to her own account, nothing was right. I bore it till I could stand no more, and then I just took her by the shoulders and turned her out of the room. I observed the house was mine, and not hers; and that if I wanted a floor scrubbed I'd have it scrubbed, Monday or Tuesday, or any time in the week I pleased."

"Oh! she did not like the drawing-room being cleared out," said Gorman, light suddenly dawning upon his mind. "I am so sorry I mentioned the matter. It was very stupid of me."

"Stupid! not a bit. I'm right glad to see the way it looks now; and, besides, it wasn't altogether the room set

Bell's back up. That widow woman from Clear Stream Cottage was the beginning of the fray."

"What did she want?" asked the young man, interested at last. "I met her as I was going out."

"Ay, so she said. She came up, it seems, to ask if I wouldn't let her have the butter and potatoes, and the other things she has, cheaper, and Bell took it into her head the woman had a notion of settling at Ardlaw as mistress. I wouldn't like to say Bell was altogether wrong, for I've had a suspicion myself that if I asked her to be Mrs. Muir number four she mightn't give me 'No' for an answer. I never did come across a greater fool; but for all that I don't want to offend her. She has good people belonging to her, among them

Mr. Richard Vince, the great Belfast merchant, who might have been mayor long enough ago if he'd chosen. He married a Miss Carpenter, who came of a grand family, and they visit at all the best houses both in Antrim and Down. I'd never get a better tenant than Mrs. Boyle. If she hasn't much sense she has those related to her that have money; and she buys everything from me she wants that I have to sell. What is the use of angering her? That was all I asked Bell; but I declare to you, Gorman, the words were scarcely out of my mouth before I got such a tongue-thrashing as I won't forget in a hurry. I could not edge in a syllable, so I left Bell talking and started Ned on the drawing-room. She followed me there and held on till, as I tell you, I turned her out. Then Sally began on me, and then they both set on Carline. You never heard anything like them, man, never. I was wellnigh

distracted with the noise; but it's over now for the night; and one thing I've made up my mind to: if Bell can't behave herself she shall go—daughter or no daughter. It's out of the question to suppose she's to have everything her own way. Things have come to a fine pass when a sack or two of oats can't be put in the garret without her leave asked and granted."

"I am vexed, though, to have been the cause of so much trouble. If I had not spoken about that room"—

"She'd have found something else to rail over. She's had a grudge against me ever since I wouldn't let the Cottage to Sam Dopp. A likely thing, indeed, to suppose I'd have his tattered-headed children making wreck and ruin of the place Mr. Orr turned into a garden of Eden, in a manner of speaking. It's strange, isn't it, Bell can't stand anything that's only for ornament. I have nothing to say against her cleanliness, except that sometimes I wish she would leave the place dirty; but I can't understand why it is she does so hate

beauty of all sorts. If it was only in women, the matter

would not get over me; but, upon my conscience, I believe if she had her will, the world would be one big ploughed field, with all the trees cut down for firewood. As for flowers"—at which point Mr. Muir, finding language inadequate to express the fair Isabel's contempt for primroses and violets, was fain to take refuge in silence.

"She is certainly a remarkable young woman," said Gorman; "a little trying sometimes, but then we cannot expect to find all the virtues."

"If we did in Bell we'd be disappointed," answered the farmer; "but we've said all we need say about her. And so Lyle Garnsey would take no refusal, but made you stop for dinner?"

"Yes, he was very kind indeed."

"He has taken a wonderful notion to you."

"I am sure I don't know why, for there are not many subjects on which we think in common."

"I don't see that has much to do with it. If I mind right, you mentioned about needing to ask him something; was he able to tell you what you wanted to know?"

"Yes, and I should like to talk to you about it, if you are not too tired. I'll only give Larry a rub down and be after you in ten minutes."

"What would you rub Larry down for, when Ned is in the kitchen waiting to take him from you? There is nothing to hinder you grooming your horse, I allow, if there's nobody else to do it for you; but as long as I pay wages there's no call for me to clean horses myself or let my son clean them."

"I don't mind what I do in that way," answered Gorman, very truly.

"Well, you're not going to do it," said Mr. Muir. "Just put Larry's bridle over the hook, and I'll send Ned out; you are past the common active," he added, half in reproach, half in pleasure, as his son ran into the house to summon Ned for himself.

"Come along," he added, following Gorman and laying a hand on his arm, "and see the fine clearance we've made. Molly hasn't spared elbow-grease on the boards, I can tell you. Look!" and with pardonable pride Mr. Muir threw open the door of that room where stately ladies had received grand company, and wrought rare and costly needlework, and sang the old songs which were new in their day, and loved and sorrowed, and known heartaches and heart-burnings, just the same as any nineteenth-century belle.

Gorman uttered an exclamation of pleasure as he saw the changed look of the apartment. It was clean as Molly's willing hands could make floor and paint. She had swept,



and scrubbed, and washed, and dusted. An old oaken sofa-table, brought from the first-floor landing and polished with beeswax till it shone in the leaping firelight, stood beside the hearth, flanked by a couple of antique straight-backed chairs that would have been precious in the sight of any collector; turf glowed in the wide grate, and a beech billet was laid on the top to give brightness to the flame. A brass kettle was singing on the hob, while materials for punch were placed upon the table.

"You'll have a glass for once, Gorman?" said his father, "just to warm you and hansom the new room. I'm well pleased myself at the look of it, and I hope you'll spend many a happy and prosperous hour in it"; having delivered himself of which sentiment, while pouring some whisky into a tumbler, Mr. Muir at one gulp swallowed that whisky neat—solemnly, and as if he regarded the whole proceeding in the light of a necessary religious ceremony.

"My head won't stand raw spirits," said Gorman, laughing, as he mixed himself a very modest allowance of Bushmills.

"Well, well, just as you like," answered Mr. Muir, in a spirit of rare tolerance; for, indeed, he did not like to hear his son's head would not stand anything. "Pull up your chair and have a good air of the fire. It's chilly to-night. I got a feeling of cold while I stood out by waiting for you."

"I am grieved to have been so late. It was foolish of me to go round by Beechfield, perhaps; but"—

"Foolish?—not a bit of it. You don't think I mind your stopping out, do you? I'm only proud to see my son so much thought and made of."

"As I was riding into Belfast to-day," said Gorman, "I began to lay out my plans—do a little castle building, in fact," added the young man; "and when I was on my way back I thought I would take Beechfield on the road, and ask Mr. Garnsey if he knew of any man I could hire to help me. You see, once I go into horse-dealing, as I mean to go in, I shall want some one who can devote the whole of his time to my work."

"That's quite right," said Mr. Muir; "but you might have asked me first."

"So I would, only I was sure you did not know anybody likely to suit me."

"And does Mr. Garnsey?"

"He says so—Peter Doey."

"Peter!" exclaimed Mr. Muir. "Peter! I never thought he'd want to leave Beechfield."

"Mr. Garnsey seems to want him to leave. There's some trouble about the servants, I think."

Mr. Muir laughed. "I shouldn't have thought Lyle Garnsey would have minded what the servants did. There's another reason, we may be very sure. However, I wouldn't say but Peter might be just what you want. There's not a craftier old rascal in the length and breadth of Down. You'll need to keep a sharp eye on him. There's this much, though; if he cheats you himself, he'll let nobody else cheat you; and as for horses—well—he just couldn't know more about them."

"So far, then, we are right enough. Then there was another thing. You know that farm, up the hill, which marches with your land?"

"Yes. Finney's"—

"I asked Mr. Garnsey if he would let it to me. It's exactly the sort of place I want."

"And what answer did Mr. Garnsey make?"

"He advised me not to take it."

"I don't know who would want to take it."

"Well, but the quality of the land is nothing to me. It grows some sort of grass, and is a splendid stretch of ground for young things to gallop over, and learn to take their leaps, and"—

"Get houghed, or their tails cut off, or their tongues slit?"

"No one would try that game twice with me."

"Wouldn't they? Much you know what they'd do—not stand nice about lodging a bullet in your own head, for that matter."

"I'd rather like the excitement of such a business," said Gorman.

"It is a sort of excitement a little of goes a long way," answered Mr. Muir. "For my own part, I hope I'll never have any more of that kind of diversion."

"Why, have you ever had any of it?"

"Have I? Haven't I? Did you never hear tell of the County Down burnings?"

"I do not recollect that I ever did."

"Save us! I thought the English were bad enough, but it is worse to meet a man that was born in Ireland who knows nothing about the destruction of property that went on just round about where we're sitting no further back than two or three years. Why, there wasn't a night the sky wasn't red with flames. Over on the other side of the Lough the people used to watch for the fires beginning. Not a man in all these parts but lost something. Hay-stacks and corn-ricks went like smoke, and at last they fell to the houses, so that when we did go to bed, which wasn't often, we lay down in terror of our lives. At Clear Stream and Kilmoon they put lighted turf in the thatch, but thatch won't burn, you know, without a lot of trouble"—

"But do you mean to say that the incendiaries were never caught?"

"Never; not one of them."

"What were you all about, then?"

"Watching our property, and distrusting every man his neighbour. I've watched my ricks myself, and so has many another farmer, and I swear to you while I've been at one end of the haggard the other has been set alight. No; we never got sight even of who did the mischief. If we hadn't known fire couldn't have come without hands to bring it, we'd have thought the tinder had fallen straight down from heaven."

"But, surely, such criminals might have been detected!"

"That's what everybody said till they tried the experiment. I said so; and heaps more, beside me. We watched—we laid traps—we were quite prepared to shoot anybody down—but we never set eyes on anybody to shoot."

"It was most extraordinary. I never heard of such a thing."

"Nor anybody else. And I'll tell you another remarkable circumstance. We found out there was a car with five people on it passed the end of this lane every night; and we held a meeting, with closed doors, at Beechfield, where there wasn't a man present we did not believe true—not a man but had suffered loss. We decided to stop the car, and take the five on our own responsibility. When it got near the time a lot of us, who were told off for the purpose, went and laid an ambush along the Newtonards road. *That night the car did not pass, and it never passed again.* What we all wanted to know—and what we want to know yet—is who told that we meant to take the law into our own hands?"

Gorman only shook his head in reply. He was puzzled, but not convinced.

"What put a stop to the business at last?" he inquired.

"That's what we never knew, either; to be sure there wasn't much left to burn in the way of hay and straw, and it's not so easy as anybody might think to fire a house from out-

side. The way the whole thing ended was this. A big reward had been out a good while without anything coming of it, when, one morning, we heard two girls, that lived with their father near Ballymacarrett, had shot some fellow they thought meant to fire their stacks. They were alone in the house, their father being away; and they fired through a window. They were afraid to go out; but they watched, and saw the man laid on a heap of stones by his comrades till a car drove up, when he was taken away, as they imagined, dead."

"They were plucky girls," remarked Gorman.

"Faith, you'll say that when you hear the finish of the story. You may be sure there was a to-do—the whole country side running to see the place and the blood that had soaked down among the paving-stones, and the Belfast papers full of the affair, and the body being searched for, and all such like. There was a talk and excitement. I heard some people in England sent the girls a silver teapot, and there were those thought the Queen would want to see them. If they had been Queens themselves, more couldn't have been made of them than was made while the police were working up the only clue they had—a cloth cap, that had fallen off the man's head while they were carrying him to the heap of stones."

"I wish I had seen those girls," said Gorman; "are they living in Ballymacarrett now?"

"No. What do you suppose the upshot of the whole matter was?"

"They got the reward, I suppose, and a good deal more; and married well, and"—

"I'll tell you. The blood on the stones was analysed, and found to be bullock's blood. My ladies had got it off a butcher in Hercules-street, and they had bought the cap, and they had never shot anybody; and they were glad enough to go to America."

"Good heavens!—and the burnings?"

"Oh! they stopped at once."

"Then do you suppose?"

"I can't suppose; the whole thing beats me fairly. Two girls, even with the help of their father, couldn't have set a whole country-side in flames."

"I am not so sure of that," remarked young Mr. Muir; "it is wonderful what even one woman can do, if she lays her mind to it."

"You are right, if it is any manner of harm," said his father.

CHAPTER XX.

"Peter," said Mr. Garnsey, "I am going to hand you over to a new master."

The abruptness of this address might have surprised some persons, but it was difficult to surprise Mr. Doey. When a man selects a garden roller for his seat on a raw winter's day, and calmly continues sitting and smoking while addressed by a superior, he can scarcely be judged by the rules supposed to govern ordinary mortals.

The roller was moss-covered, like the walks, but at meal-times, as well as on many other occasions, Mr. Peter Doey did his best to remove this reproach by obligingly transferring a portion of the green to his own garments.

He was a short, wiry fellow, with a dried-up face curiously wrinkled, small bright eyes, and thin black hair just turning grey. He looked as if he had lived all his life in an atmosphere of peat smoke, and never been washed since he was born. Sniff lay beside him, head between his paws, one ear cocked, ready for any evil errand on which it might please Peter to dispatch him. Mr. Garnsey, clean shaven, fresh from his morning bath, both hands plunged in the pockets of a trim pea-jacket, stood looking at dog and man, waiting for Peter's comment upon his information.

"There is one comfort," said that worthy, taking the pipe out of his mouth so as to speak with greater ease. "I couldn't have a worse master than yourself."

"Surely that is scarcely grateful," remonstrated the master so addressed.

"Grateful! What would I be grateful for? Worked harder nor any beast, and for less nor a beast's wages. Mornin', noon, and night, it is just 'Peter, Peter, Peter,' till I'm fairly tired and sick of the sound of my own name. First it's you 'Do this and do the other,' and 'Why the—don't you attend to what I tell you?' Then it's your daughter wanting me to cut her dog's ears or clip her mare, or brush her habit, that's splashed with as many sorts of mud as there's soils in the county. Then while I'm choking myself over that, Mrs. Murtrie starts me off for something she's forgotten to order out of the town, and I declare to my conscience, what with the butler, 'Peter, go there'; and the footman, 'Give this a shake'; and the coachman, 'Lend a hand here'; and the housemaid, 'Peter, dear, mind you don't forget that calico for me'; and the cook, 'What a good-for-nothing fellow you are, and not a lemon in the house,' I don't know most times where Peter is at all—whether in Belfast, or down the village, or at Beechfield, jogging along to Newtonards, or breaking my neck 'lepping' hedges and ditches to catch the train."

"Poor Peter!" said Mr. Garnsey, "console yourself. For the future you will have only one master to serve, and only one thing to do, and that is look after horses."

"And what master is it you want me to serve now? Mind, I haven't said I'm going to him, whoever he may be. For the bite and sup a man has to make a snatch at in haste and sorrow, you may drive him about as if he was in more nor a beast of burden; but you can't sell him, like a slave. This is a free country to starve in, at any rate; and I don't know but I'd as soon starve as lead the life I've been leading here."

"I am sorry you have been so miserable with me; but you certainly will have a better berth where you are going than I could ever find you."

"I'm not so sure that I'm going anywhere."

"But I am. I have promised you to my friend, and"—

"If he's a friend of yours, Mr. Garnsey, maybe if I agreed to take his money I'd be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Why can't you tell me the man's name at once? that is, always supposing he's not a woman?"

"It is young Mr. Muir."

"D'ye mean Gorman—what does he want with me?"

"To look after his horses."

"He has only got one."

"But he means to keep a lot. He is going to make his fortune out of them—if he can."

"What would hinder him making his fortune? You mind there is *One* takes care of his own; and, if ever a coin had the image and superscription of Satan graven on it, that coin's Gorman Muir."

"I don't see much sign of the cloven hoof about him," said Mr. Garnsey, surprised at Peter's manner.

Apparently Mr. Doey considered this remark unworthy of reply, for he put his pipe again in his mouth, and went on smoking, till the owner of Beechfield, a little nettled, perhaps, at a knowledge of iniquity wider than his own, observed,

"Let Mr. Gorman Muir be what he will, he knows a good horse when he sees him."

"And he knows a pretty girl when he sees her," capped Peter, with a malicious grin.

"A man must be stone-blind who cannot do that."

"And he's not blind," said Peter, with conviction.

There ensued a moment's silence, during the course of which Peter puffed away, meditatively, and Mr. Garnsey, with the toe of his boot, stirred the short grass on which Sniff was lying.

"You'd best let him alone, Master," advised Mr. Doey; "he's got a way of snapping sometimes you wouldn't like, if you felt his teeth meet through the leather."

Mr. Garnsey took the hint, and desisted. "Then I may tell young Muir," he began, "that you'll go to him?"

"Deed, you may tell him no such thing," answered Peter. "I have thrown myself away once, and before I engage again I'll want to know a whole heap of things I was so foolish as to make no inquiry about here. I'm no flyabout—one place to-day and another to-morrow; and before I stir one step I must know what I'm to do, and how I'm to be paid. Besides, where's the man going to keep his horses? If it's at Ardilaw, he must look out for some other nor me to look after them. It would need a bigger stable even than any Mr. Cleery owns for me and Hewson Muir to put up in together."

"He is going to rent Finney's land from me."

"Is he tired of his life?"

"It looks as if he were. I don't want harm to come to him, but he is set on taking the farm; and, after all, someone must run the risk. The place can't lie idle for ever."

Mr. Doey knocked the ashes out of his pipe, laid it carefully on the roller, and then, locking his hands together, sat considering the position.

"What shall I tell Mr. Gorman Muir you'll do?" Mr. Garnsey asked, at length; while Sniff, opening one eye, looked slyly up at the speaker as though listening with appreciative interest to his conversation.

"I don't know myself, Master; so how would I tell you? If the young man thinks he has need of me, he had best come and say so. There's many a thing would have to be settled between us. It's a come-down in the world from Beechfield to Finney's farm—never to speak of the perils I might, like Saint Paul, have to encounter over yonder. He'd be bound to consider all that in the wages, for I have no intention of leaving here unless I better myself. The last man took Finney's farm was burned out of house and home; and it's always against a hired servant to be connected with anybody gets into trouble or makes a disturbance in the world. Now if young Gorman was killed, I might have to give evidence, and—"

"Decide the matter between you," said Mr. Garnsey, waxing impatient.

"Well, well, Master, if that should come to pass we'll all be in the same boiling," answered Peter, as he slowly gathered himself up from his chilly seat and limped off with the gait of a cripple towards the stable-yard, followed by Sniff.

He had not, however, gone a dozen paces before he turned and retraced his steps.

"Mr. Garnsey, Sir," he began.

"What is it now?" asked that gentleman.

"I wish when you see young Muir you would give him a hint to say nothing of what is in his mind about needing the benefit of my help and taking advantage of my experience. May be I might never leave Beechfield. Anyhow, there is no use giving the whole country-side words to set to music." Having uttered which profound remark Mr. Doey really took his departure.

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

Illustrations, due to the co-operation of Mr. A. Fredericks, and somewhat better than those of novels in general, occupy two or three pages of *Beatrix Randolph*: by Julian Hawthorne (Chatto and Windus), which is certainly a very readable and, for the most part, a very well-written novel, though there is nothing remarkably strong about the story, and nothing remarkably original about the fundamental conception. For, if memory may be trusted, it is no new thing, in the world of novelists, that one prima donna, having fame to gain or having been called to the aid of a despairing manager, should impersonate another prima donna who has already achieved a worldwide celebrity and, with the caprice of her sex and her order, has reduced the said manager, without rhyme or reason, to the said condition of despair. But then a by no means new idea may be treated in a very new and refreshing manner. And such is the treatment, as most readers will acknowledge, which is exhibited on the present occasion. The scene of the story, moreover, is laid among our American cousins, with whom reciprocal travelling has not yet made us so familiar that we fail to see any longer anything piquant and interesting in the many points, whether connected with their modes of life, or their ways of doing business, or their views of society, or their peculiarities of language, in which they differ from us. An American gentleman, then, of aristocratic descent, who is settled in the North, but has always—and very naturally—had strong Southern proclivities (which, however, have little or nothing to do with the story), has a son and a daughter; and the latter, who is as lovely as sunshine, as good as gold, as full of genius as the nine Muses, exhibits musical gifts of so high and exceptional a sort that the greatest teacher of the day, acknowledging for once that here is a pupil worthy of his didactic skill, condescends to take her in hand and makes of her the very queen of song. This is in the days of her father's wealth; but her brother, of whom incidental mention has already been made, and whom she loves and believes in with a fervour and a faith which there is nothing whatever in him or about him to justify, enters upon a career of extravagance and folly, to the ruin of his father and his sister, as well as, of course, of himself. Now is the time for the heaven-born singer, instructed by the supercilious but exceedingly efficient instructor, to employ her talents and acquirements, should opportunity offer. Opportunity, it is scarcely necessary to say, offers in a manner to which less gifted beings are totally unaccustomed in ordinary life; and Beatrix Randolph, the American young lady of aristocratic descent, is induced by specious arguments and against her own sense of what is quite right to impersonate a celebrated Russian prima donna, who, haughtily pleading her own will as her only reason, refuses to fulfil an engagement. The impersonatrix, as will have been anticipated by every reader, takes New York by storm; the fame of her success is spread abroad, and the impersonated Russian prima donna, not unreasonably astonished to find

RAMBLING SKETCHES: DUTCH FOLK.—I.



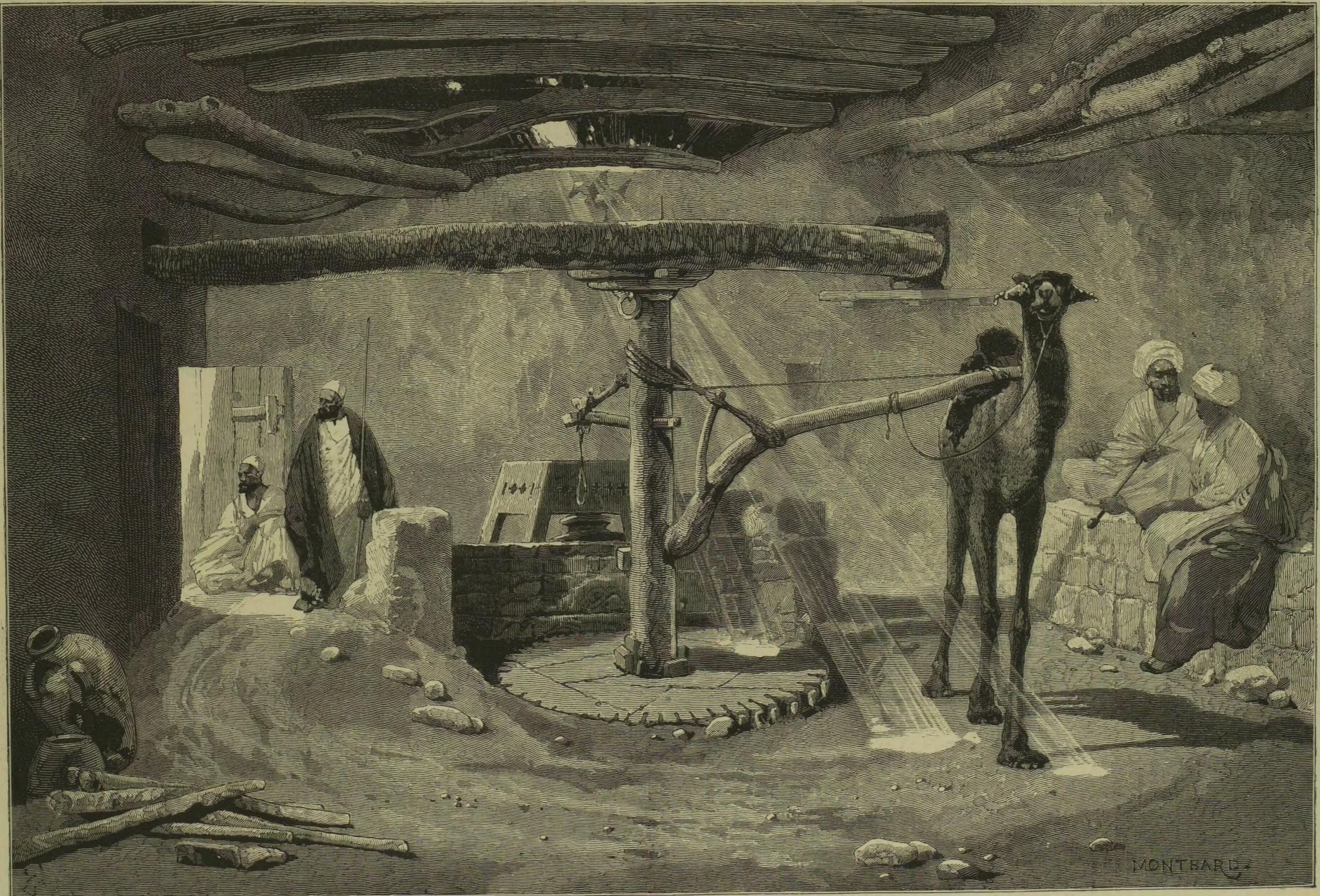
MARKET DAY AT MIDDELBURG, ZEELAND.

CLEANING DAY IN AMSTERDAM.



FISHWOMEN OF ISLAND MARKEN, ZUYDER-ZEE.

SATURDAY IN THE JEWISH QUARTER.



A CORN MILL IN LOWER EGYPT.

MONTEBARD

NEW BOOKS.

"The last leaves that have grown on a literary tree, which has been blossoming for forty years," are gathered by Dr. Charles Mackay in a small volume of 132 short poems, called *Interludes and Undertones; or, Music at Twilight* (published by Chatto and Windus). The author has long been well known to the elder and younger generation of readers, and certainly to the elder readers of this journal, as one of the most genial, robust, and accomplished contributors, in prose and verse, to that excellent portion of our literature which is directly concerned with advocating social and moral improvement, and with cultivating broad and warm human sympathies, as a true poet of the living present age should do. There is no writer of poetry now among us, nor has there been anyone since Thomas Hood, who is more thoroughly inspired with this "enthusiasm of humanity" than Charles Mackay, from the beginning of his literary career; and it was with some reason that Douglas Jerrold once called him "a British Béranger"; saving only the French writer's occasional gross indecency, whereas our lyrical poet of the nineteenth century has never indulged suggestion of that impure kind. The collection of Charles Mackay's poems already printed together in one volume will rank among the English classics, and will hereafter be consulted as shedding light upon the popular ideas and sentiments of progress characteristic of this age. He is, we believe, appreciated not less in America than in his own country, by all forward-looking, liberal, healthful, and hopeful minds; and we are sure that this most recent addition to the store of his poetical works, being of the same good quality with those which he before produced, will be hailed with gratification as the latest gift of an old and valued literary friend.

Young and old, there will never be lacking a number of minds so constituted that poetry, or aspiring verse, is to them a necessary instrument of expressing their personal moods and feelings, and telling the world of something which they imagine to be of common interest. The contributors to a pretty little book, entitled *A Circle of Song; or, Lays of Love and Laughter* (J. Palmer, Jesus-lane, Cambridge), are manifestly writers of this class, and several of them appear to be resident University men, fond of humorous allusions to the familiar incidents of life at that seat of learning. Other situations and prospects, indeed, with regard to some of their friends, possibly brothers or cousins, or probably schoolfellows at least, who are described as preparing elsewhere for different professions, engage the sympathetic Muse. This "Circle of Song" appears to be a family circle, hospitably widened to take in many persons enjoying the private acquaintance of one or another member of the family, and presided over by a frank, kindly, hospitable, and sociable spirit, dispensing plenty of wit and musical mirth, along with the effusions of tender and romantic sentiment, which we should expect in such case to read. "The Dignity of the Associate" is a highly original conception, proceeding from a genuine humourist; and the subject will be appreciated, if nowhere else, at the Bar of the Midland Circuit.

A twelvemonth ago we noticed with pleasure Mr. Alexander Ireland's exquisite little volume of collected thoughts upon the value of literary studies, "the habit and love of reading," or, as expressed on his titlepage, "the solace and companionship of books." That miniature book, of "infinite riches in a little room," was a charming specimen of workmanship in its printing and binding, and the rapid sale of two editions has proved that it was acceptable to persons of elegant taste. Mr. Ireland, who is known not only at Manchester, but by many patrons of literature all over England, Scotland, and America, as a faithful devotee of the best English authors, old and new, has now published an enlarged edition of his *Book-lover's Enchiridion*, different in outward shape and size, as well as in typography, from the very pretty volume before noticed. Its print, clear and beautiful, is better for eyes weak or worn by age; its arrangement, still chronological, presents a completer array of the wisest and sweetest sayings of the best scholars of successive generations upon this favourite theme; and its nearly two hundred additional pages contain a fresh store of sound thinking and good writing, gathered from Mr. Ireland's wide range of familiar acquaintance with literary history and criticism, and especially with the personality of esteemed authors. The value of these later additions is seen by observing that, among the writers here introduced for the first time into his pleasant and instructive compilation, are Pliny, Luther, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Rousseau, Erasmus, Scaliger, Sir Philip Sidney, Roger Ascham, Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Burrow, Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, Macchiavelli, Petrarch, Byron, Burke, Chesterfield, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Archibishop Whately, Disraeli, Thackeray, and many others whose words are worth remembering. The whole number of individual authors enlisted in the editor's service is now increased from 125 to about 210; while in the quality and aptness of the extracts he has chosen, there is certainly no abatement. It is wonderful that so many original reflections could have been made, with so little repetition of the same ideas, upon a topic of common experience such as that of the uses and delights of literature. The field of this selection is almost confined to eminent examples of minds formed by ancient and modern European culture; but it is very likely that an equal variety of testimonies might be culled from Oriental writers, Arabic and Persian, Indian

and Chinese, who may have joined in the general praise of books. Mr. Ireland belongs to the good old school of genuine book-lovers, who relish literature for its own sake as the refined expression of human sentiment, of imagination and humour, wit and fancy, rather than as the mere vehicle of scientific or historical information. There are still not a few contemplative persons of this disposition, and his "Enchiridion" is their most suitable literary companion. An *édition de luxe* has been prepared, which is adorned with several portraits, and with a picturesque design of a pile of old-fashioned volumes, with spectacles and other apparatus of study, left upon the table beneath the library shelves. Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. are the London publishers.

We do not think that J. A. Symonds is to be strongly congratulated on his latest literary venture, *Shakspeare's Predecessors in the English Drama* (Smith, Elder, and Co.). The volume, which contains more than 600 pages, gives evidence of much reading, the fruits of which are presented in an attractive fashion. Mr. Symonds could not write a dull book, nor could he write one uninteresting or wholly unsuggestive. From an author of his standing, however, something more than this is demanded; and, after a careful perusal, we are bound to say that the reader, who is also a student of the period, will be likely to put the volume down unsatisfied. In our judgment, it lacks unity; and its inequality from a literary standpoint will strike everyone. The subject is probably too familiar to admit of originality; but old themes will allow of genial treatment, and Mr. Symonds, if he has not broken much fresh ground, is generally a safe and always a pleasant guide. The more we read the works of Shakspeare's predecessors, the more does the sense grow of his immeasurable superiority. There were great poets in his time and before him; and to some of these, as well as to others who were not great, he was obviously indebted. Indeed, he gathered assistance from every available source with an utter fearlessness of plagiarism. Mr. Symonds, who travels back to the miracle plays and to the moralities, follows the course of our drama as it gradually reached its legitimate form. His description of the stage in Shakspeare's time will be strange to readers unfamiliar with the period. Without any of the accessories that are now deemed indispensable, it is probable that in all respects, save one, Shakspeare's plays were represented as adequately in his own day as at any later time. A great school of actors existed; but it is necessary to remember, when bringing that period before the mind's eye, that female characters were acted by boys. The whole aspect of the stage at the close of the sixteenth century is well described in a chapter which, if we mistake not, has appeared in print before. The paper on *Masques* may be commended to any reader wishing for information on the subject. Full of matter, too, are the chapters on *Lyly*; on *Greene, Peele, Nash, and Lodge*; and on *Marlowe*, who, though born in the same year with Shakspeare, wrote earlier for the stage, and deserves the title, awarded him by Mr. Symonds, of the father and founder of English dramatic poetry. Why this title is given is fully explained in an essay worthy of the subject. As we said before, the work as a whole disappoints us, but such a chapter as this on *Marlowe* cannot fail to be read with the highest pleasure and satisfaction.

The well-known achievements in Central Asia of the celebrated Hungarian traveller and Professor of Oriental Languages, Arminius Vambery, will secure public attention to his *Life and Adventures, Written by Himself*, in a volume just published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. Without sharing all his political opinions concerning the supposed peril of a Russian attack upon the British dominions in India, we regard Professor Vambery as a man of extraordinary talent, courage, and perseverance, whose personal exertions have contributed largely to our knowledge of Turkestan, and of the Persian and Afghan borders. The more recent experiences of Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, related in "The Story of Merv," have not entirely superseded the valuable testimony obtained by this enterprising traveller, an accomplished linguist and adept in the customs and habits of Oriental nations, who passed for a Mussulman Dervish, and was enabled to gain an intimate acquaintance with their social and domestic life. His adventures are extremely interesting, from 1862 to 1864, during his two years' residence or rambling sojourn in Persia, in the land of the Turcomans, in Khiva, Bokhara, Samarcand, and Herat; and those who joined in the welcome that was given to him at the Royal Geographical Society, when he visited London soon after his return to the European civilised world, may read with pleasure his lively recollections of that time. His conversations with English statesmen, and with the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, show that his performances excited much attention in high quarters, though he failed to impress the British Government with a sense of the reality of the dangers he has continually predicted from the advancing power of Russia. As a personal narrative, full of picturesque anecdotes and descriptions, this autobiography, commencing with his struggles in boyhood to procure a learned education, and ending with a brief account of his professorship at Budapest and of his literary labours, is a very entertaining book. It is illustrated by more than a dozen wood engravings, and by a good photograph of the author.

Many charming illustrations embellish the pages of the volume entitled *The Cruise of the Reserve Squadron*, by Charles

W. Wood (Richard Bentley and Son), and enhance the pleasure to be derived from the narrative. The author, it appears, was invited to take part in the six weeks' cruise on which "the squadron of the First Reserve," under the command of the Duke of Edinburgh, was ordered in June, 1882, and he naturally accepted the invitation and turned it to excellent account for his literary purposes. It may be presumed, though there is no information on the titlepage to justify the presumption, that the narrative contained in the volume was published from time to time in some periodical, and that subsequently it seemed good to republish the whole in a collected form. Else an earlier issue of the book might have been expected. In this case, at any rate, we may well say "better late than never"; for, if the letter-press were even less lively and readable, it would have been well worth while to gather together the illustrations. The squadron, of course, was sent on its cruise rather for purposes of drill and exercise than for the sake of exploration, so that the author would necessarily have no very new discoveries to report; but he has managed to put together some pleasant gossip about life on board one of her Majesty's ships, about naval officers and seamen, and about various other persons, places, and things. Gibraltar is familiar, at least by name and description, to some of us, and as much may be said of Malaga, Granada, and even Tangiers; most of us have heard before now of the Alhambra (not that in Leicester-square), and many of us may be sufficiently acquainted with the peculiarities of a Spanish bull-fight to wonder why travellers or "cruisers," who must have read what we ourselves have so often read about the horrid business, should go to see a spectacle which they must know beforehand will only "harrow" their "feelings," as our author puts it, and disgust them, if all they mean to do is to repeat what has so often been stated on equally good authority; but, nevertheless, there is a certain freshness of style in what our author writes about even Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Tangiers, the Alhambra, and the Spanish bull-fight. It is not every "cruiser" in Spanish waters, however, who can tell from personal knowledge, or not much less, as our author can, of the narrow escape which a Royal Duke had from drowning in a weir. And many worthy readers will consider that both a novel and a notable experience.

BENEVOLENCE.

Mr. Wilson Barrett presided at the annual dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund held last week, and made a strong appeal in support of the institution. Subscriptions to the amount of £461 were announced.

The forty-fifth annual report, submitted at a meeting of the Governors of King's College Hospital, on Thursday week, in the Board-room, presided over by General Sir R. Wilbraham, K.C.B., showed a deficit of £2839 8s. 10d., the expenditure having been £15,448 11s. 2d., and the total income only £12,609 2s. 4d. The zealous labours of the treasurer, Mr. Charles Hoare, were heartily recognised. Sir William Bowman, F.R.S., attributed the success of the festival dinner on May 3 last, which realised £4400, to the presidency of the Prince of Wales.

The anniversary dinner of the Linen and Woollen Drapers, Silk Mercers, Lacemen, Haberdashers, and Hosiers' Institution was given at the Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Mr. Walter Leaf. About 260 gentlemen were present. After an eloquent appeal, lists of subscriptions, amounting to £2334, were announced. During the evening a handsome silver cup, executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, was presented to Mr. John Scott, one of the oldest and most zealous friends of the institution.

The Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., presided at the annual dinner, at the Cannon-street Hotel, in aid of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools for Orphans and Necessitous Children. The children, some 200 boys and girls, were brought from Purley to prove by their rosy healthy faces, happy looks, and smart appearance, that their physical wants at least are well cared for. The subscriptions and donations amounted to about 2100 guineas.

Mr. T. P. Beckwith presided at the quarterly court of the governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary, stated that during the past quarter the number of applicants admitted had been larger than in any former corresponding period. The committee found cause for satisfaction and encouragement in the amount of new subscriptions received. They could not, however, too strongly or too frequently impress upon the friends of the hospital the fact that the opening (in 1882) of the new extension, with its 137 beds, added enormously to the expenses of the charity, and that, but for continued liberal support, the usefulness of the hospital must be curtailed, as the income is altogether inadequate to the maintenance of the institution, now containing 331 beds. The following legacies were announced:—Miss Barber, £300; Mrs. Coombs, £50; Mrs. Plumbe, £55; Mr. H. Parker, £1000. The number of patients admitted since Nov. 29 had been 340; discharged, many greatly benefited, 319.

The Lord Mayor will preside at the annual meeting of the Royal Alfred Institution (for aged merchant seamen), to be held at the Mansion House, on April 8.

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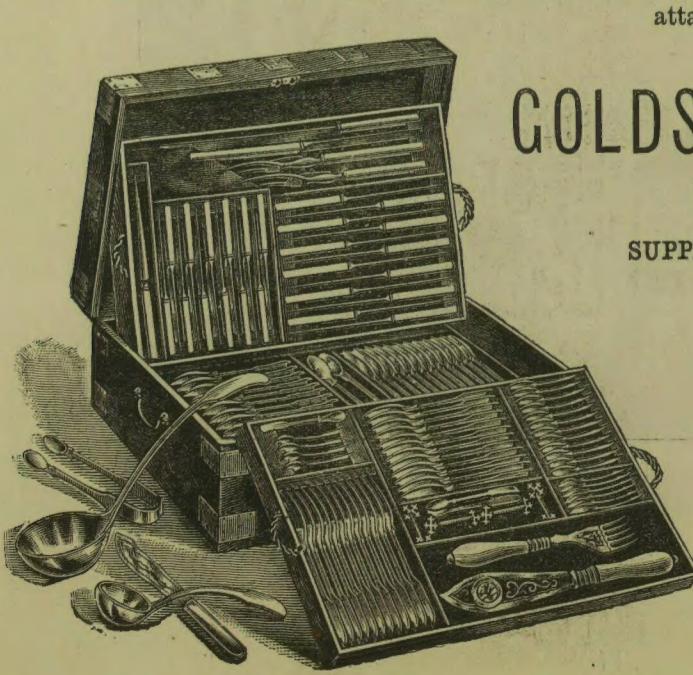
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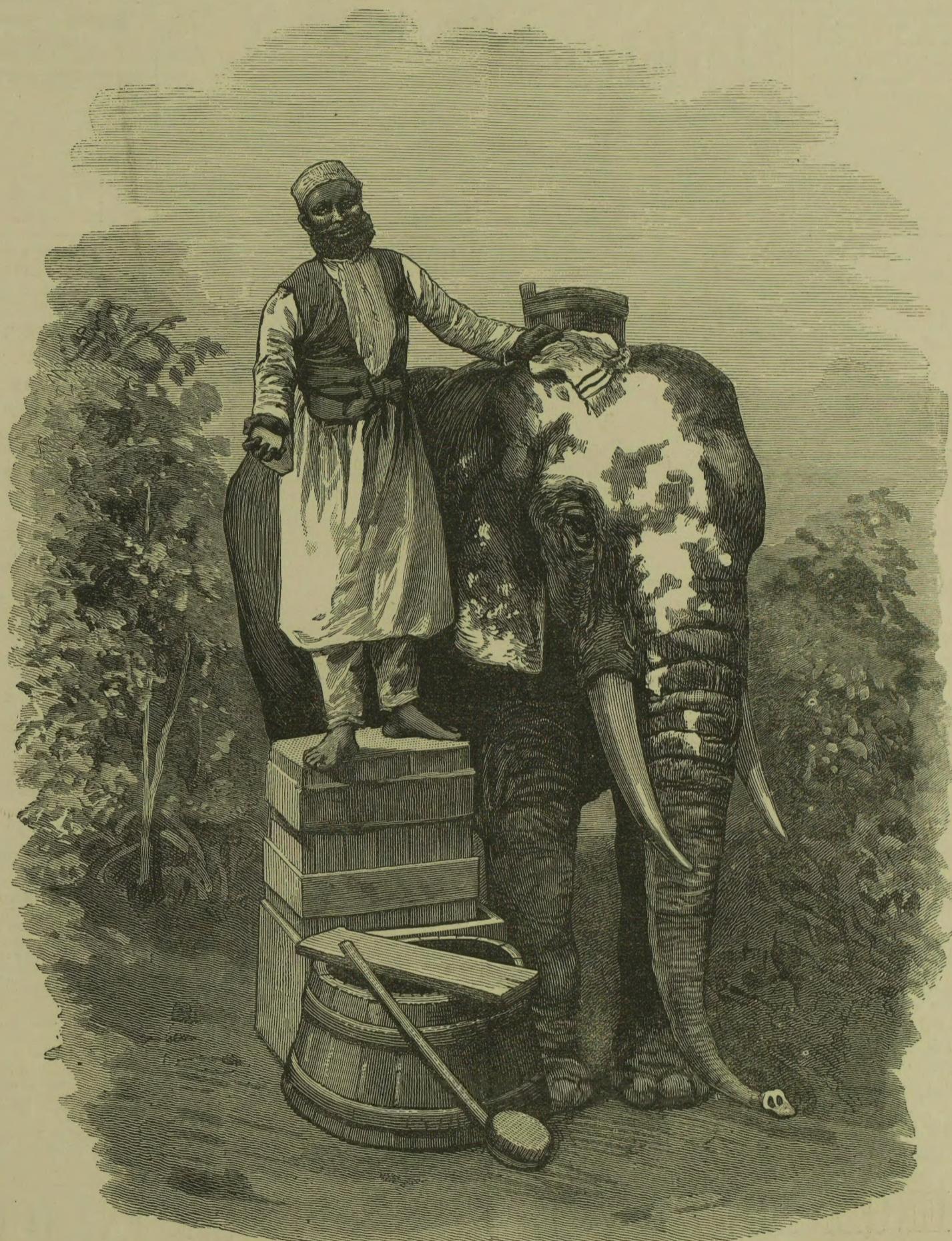
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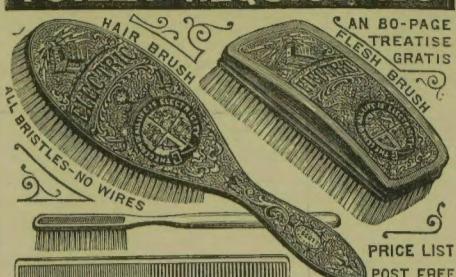
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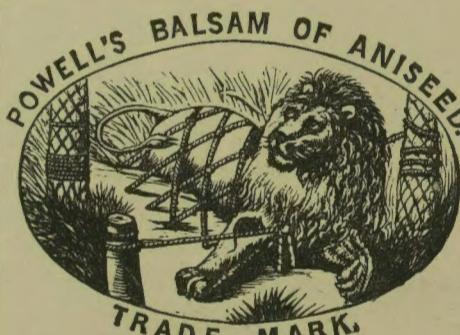
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